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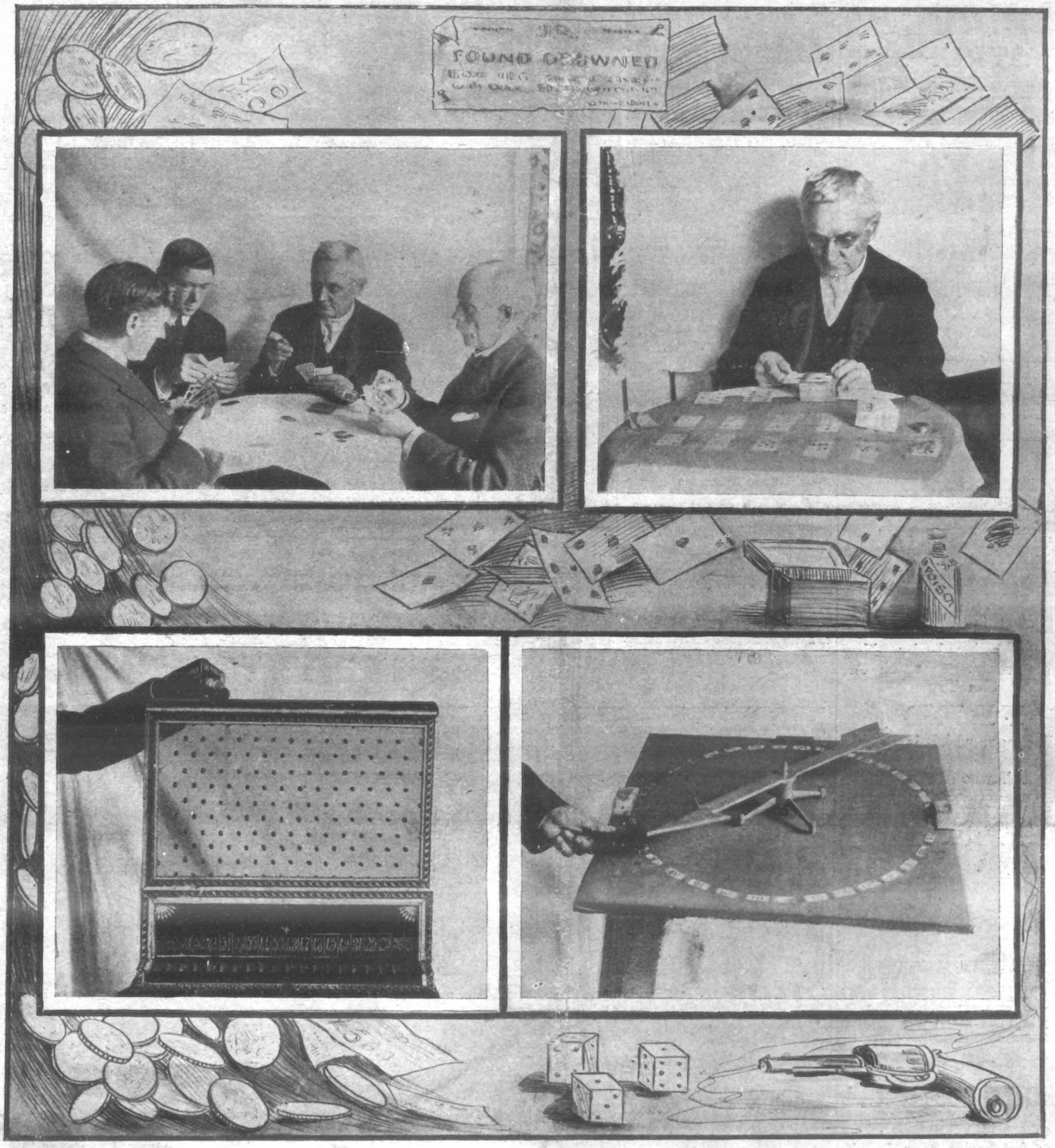


## THE MAN WHO CANNOT LOSE.

**There has arrived in England one of the most notorious professional gamblers of this generation in the person of Mr. John P. Quinn. He admits to having won thousands of pounds by means of faked cards, roulette wheels, and other devices for gambling. Circumstances that are related in our special story of his life, on page 227, have brought about a complete change in his nature, and for nineteen years Mr. Quinn has been demonstrating how it is impossible to win against the devices of the professional sharper, as he finds this is the surest method of overcoming the tendency of many men to gamble. Our photographs illustrate four of the most usual methods of robbing a "flat" of his money. 1. Poker Party.—Mr. Quinn knows precisely what cards the other players hold, though it is impossible to prove that they are marked. 2. Mr. Quinn showing how a faro-bank can be manipulated. 3. Nickel in the Slot.—One of the most dangerous machines made. Mr. Quinn showing how he could make the coin fall into any place at will. 4. Electric Spindle.—Battery in centre of arrow, electricity being applied by pressing a button, making it possible for the operator to steer the arrow where desired.**

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# THE DEATH OF LORD BRAMPTON.

## THE LIFE STORY OF A FAMOUS JUDGE.

LORD BRAMPTON, whose death occurred last Sunday, was ninety years old on Sept. 14.

The son of a not very wealthy or prominent country solicitor, it was as a solicitor's clerk at Hertford Petty Sessions that he commenced his legal career, and determined to become a barrister.

It was the Tichborne case which first brought him fame, his cross-examination of the witness Baigent and his famous reply being the best points of the case. He was "second man" in the first trial, and would have come out first, as someone remarked, but Coleridge, having the luck to be Solicitor-General, necessarily took the lead.

It was during the prolonged period—nearly two years—occupied by the prosecution of the claimant that Sir Henry rose to the height of his fame as a criminal lawyer. At this time he undoubtedly risked his health. He rose every morning at four o'clock to read over the evidence which had been given on the previous day, and gave the whole of his time to the case until he had to go to court. When he came to his final speech he placed the case in most dramatic form before the jury.

The Tichborne case brought Sir Henry Hawkins' services into great demand. It was generally acknowledged that his marshalling of facts and his management of witnesses was masterly, while his influence with the jury was very powerful.

It is, however, as a Judge that Baron Brampton will be principally remembered. During his Judgeship he sentenced to death many notorious criminals, among the later ones Lamson, Mrs. Dyer, Walter Horsford, and the Muswell Hill murderers. His reputation for severity led to his being nicknamed "Hanging Hawkins." But, as a fact, he was a singularly humane man.

### Some Anecdotes

Sir Henry was politeness personified on the Bench, but occasionally he would try to raise a smile at counsel's expense. One day at the Old Bailey a rising young barrister said that his client's wife was continually nagging him. "Stay," said the Judge; "would you mind telling the Court what 'nagging' is?" "The reiteration of unpleasant observations, my Lord," was the immediate reply.

Another time a witness of the coster class was describing a dreadful assault on a woman, and said she was screaming for nearly half an hour. "Half an hour!" repeated the Judge, with a look of astonishment. "Why, where were the police?" "Gawd above knows," replied the witness, and the Judge smiled.

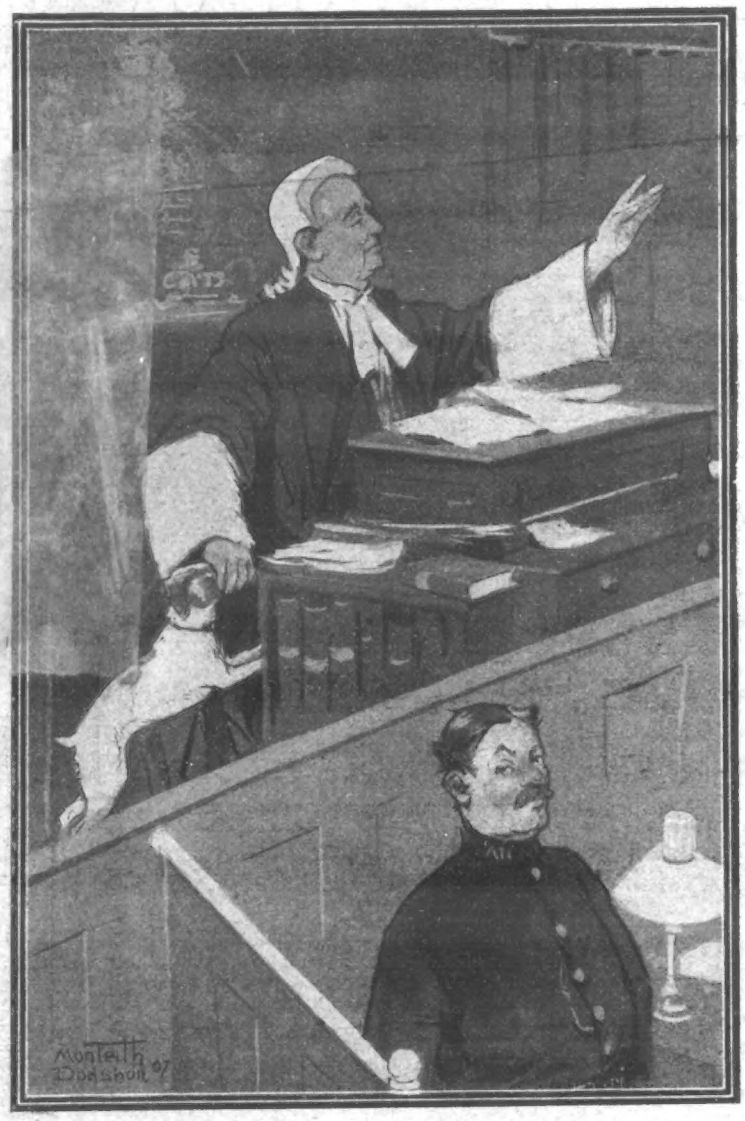
Evidence was given of a coster and a woman entering a public-house, and counsel said that the woman paid for the beer. The Judge, with a little asperity, said, "No, no. The man always pays for the beer."

"We are always glad," replied the counsel, with an innocent air, "to have the benefit of your lordship's personal experience."

Hawkins was hard core, but he detested cruelty to children or animals. His opposition to vivisection and his eulogy of his dog Jack bore witness to his feelings as to the latter: his ruthless severity in cruelty cases told of the other. When he was sentencing that stolid baby-farmer, Mrs. Dyer, his voice nearly broke as he said, "You took these poor in—no—cent children, who had done you no harm," and then recounted to her the grisly story of her crime.

He once lost a dog, and offered £14 for its recovery. He was waited upon by Sam Linton, the great "dog finder" of his day, who explained to him that he would not be able to get him at that price. "Why, it stands to reason, don't it, Mr. Orkins—it ain't the dorg you're payin' for, but your feelin's as these ere wagabonds is tradin' on, Mr. Orkins. Oh, Sir, it's abomnible, as I tells 'em, keepin' a gennelman's dorg."

So "Orkins" paid up and got the "dorg."




A FAMOUS DOG STORY.

**For some years Lord Brampton was always accompanied, even to the Bench, by his favourite fox-terrier, and a humorous story is told apropos of this. One day the terrier, who had been sleeping by his master's feet, woke up and barked loudly, but Lord Brampton was quite ready to deal with the situation. "Officer!" he called, "turn that dog out of the gallery at once," and while the zealous officer searched for the imaginary offender, Lord Brampton was busy coaxing the real offender into a state of silence.**

## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

*The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.*

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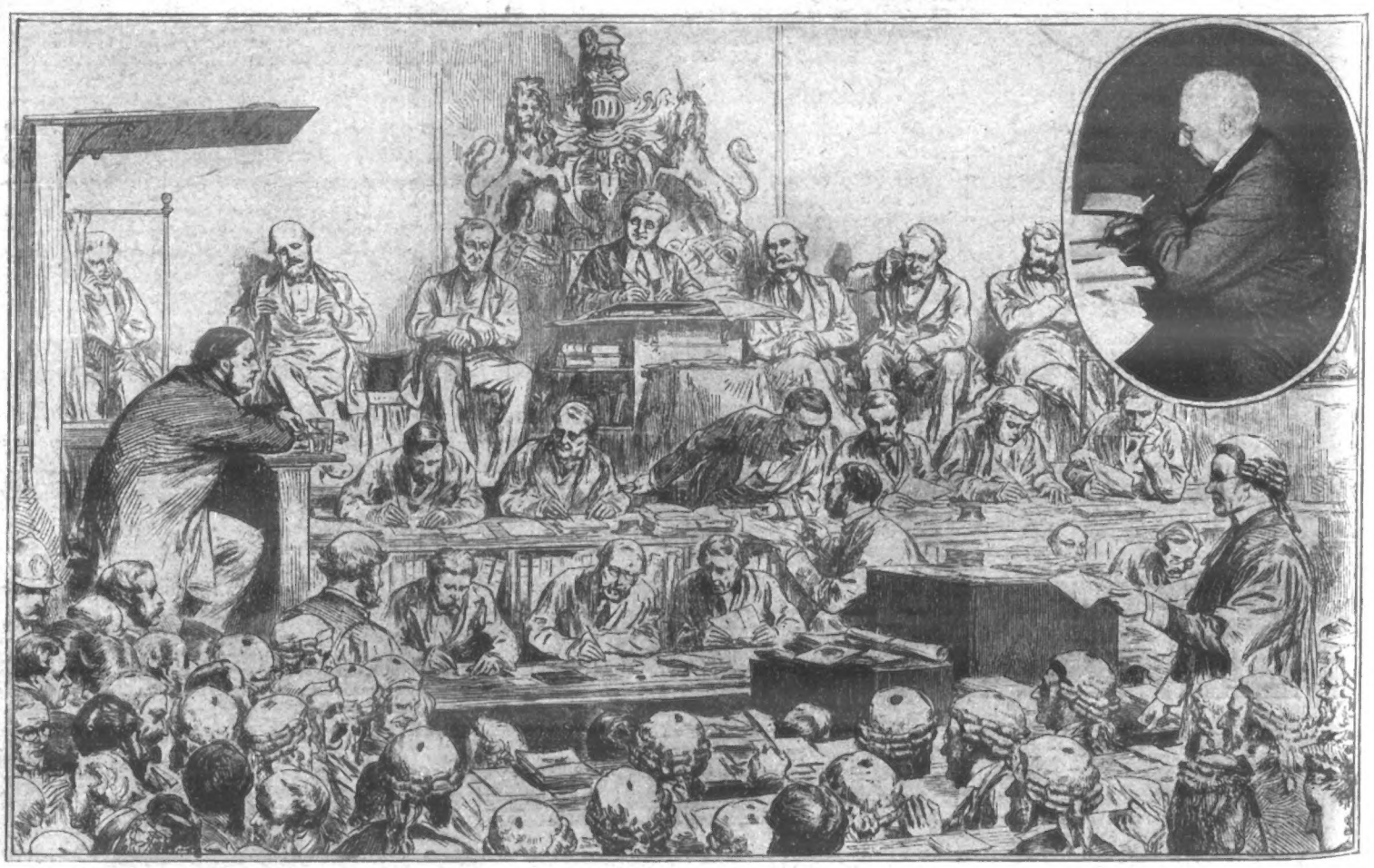


THE FAMOUS TICHBORNE TRIAL: MR. HENRY HAWKINS FOR THE DEFENCE

**One of the most famous trials in which Lord Brampton (then Mr. Henry Hawkins) was engaged was the celebrated fight for the Tichborne estates. The trial lasted two years, and the defendants, for whom Lord Brampton appeared, eventually won the day. Inset is a portrait of Lord Brampton writing in his study.—[*Inset Photograph by F. Baker*].**

# BEWARE! A SHARPER CANNOT LOSE.

## THE CROOKED GAME.

### MR. QUINN'S MESSAGE.

FOR twenty-five years I played the crooked game, looking for the best of it, like all other gamblers. When you find a man is a professional gambler give him a wide berth, for it 's impossible to make a success of it and be honest.

The papers have made things so warm for the crooked professional gamblers that they are leaving America and coming to Europe to look for new victims.

We shall give free lectures to young men's clubs, etc., and shall open a place where those who do not visit such institutions may come and see America's most dangerous form of gambling, and be saved their money.

John P. Quinn

### THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

There have just arrived in London three Americans who have a self-imposed mission: to demonstrate to the unwary the many devices of the professional gambler, and to prove how impossible it is for any outsider, however skilful, to win if he pits himself against a professional gambler or card-sharper.

The chief of them is Mr. John P. Quinn, who was, in his day, the most notorious swindler in America; and with him is Mr. E. N. Hills, at one time a Wall Street dealer, who has lost thousands of pounds to card sharpers; and Mr. George D. Lane, the secretary of the International Anti-Gambling Association, the name of which sufficiently describes its object.

Mr. Quinn is an exceedingly interesting man, as a representative of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* discovered a few days ago, when he was received by the three gentlemen at the house they have taken in the north of London, and was given the following vivid interview by Mr. Quinn.

Of middle height, with clean-shaven face, a pleasant expression, with eyes that shine through his spectacles, with white hair, and with the most genial, ingenuous expression, Mr. Quinn would seem to be the last man in the world to be able to take in anyone; yet, when once he has shown his skill with cards or dice, it is easy to understand that, in spite of his benign appearance, it would be impossible for anyone to win at any game with him unless he was deliberately allowed to do so.

Handing the dice-box to the representative of the *P.I.P.*, Mr. Quinn invited him to throw. Then, with the same dice-box and the same dice, Mr. Quinn threw. Every time he beat the representative of *P.I.P.* More than that, whenever the journalist asked Mr. Quinn to throw a certain combination of dice, he did so with the utmost ease and without giving the slightest evidence of crooked play. It was the same thing with cards. Dealing *P.I.P.'s* representative several hands at poker Mr. Quinn named all the cards in each hand without looking at them.

In answer to a request, Mr. Quinn said: "I will very gladly tell you the history of my career, how it was I became a gambler, how I came to reform, and therefore, why it is that Mr. Hills and Mr. Lane and I have come on this anti-gambling crusade to the English people.

"I was born in Randolph County, Missouri, where my father was a well-to-do man. Foot-racing, horse-racing, and card-playing were the pastimes of the county. We had card-parties and we began to play for fun. Then we got to playing for stakes of pennies, then for nickels (2½d.), then for dimes (5d.), and finally for dollars. Then I began to look for broader fields of action, for the stakes were not large enough for me. There were six boys in our family, and the result of our playing was that five of them became professional gamblers.

"My first venture from home occurred when I was fourteen years of age. I picked up a halter, and one of my father's horses was on the end of it. I rode from my home to Glasgow, Mo. I sold the horse for seventy-five dollars (£15). While at the Tremont Hotel in Atchison, Kansas, a stranger walked up to me and said, 'Good-morning, young man. Are you a stranger here?' I told him I was. 'Have you had your breakfast?' he asked.

"'No, Sir,' I answered.

"'Well,' he replied, 'before taking breakfast, come out with me for a little while. I have a friend coming in on the train.'

"I went out with him. We met his friend, and it was only a few minutes before they relieved me of my seventy-five dollars at three-card Monte—the three-card trick—which at that time was new to me. This friend turned out to be his confederate.

"Being broke, I thought of what my father had often said to my mother when she was worried about her children when they were away—'Don't worry, for the chickens always come home to roost!' I should remember that phrase if I lived to be a million years old, and there is more truth in it than poetry.

"Knowing my situation, being robbed of all my money, away from home, and amongst strangers, I felt it was time to exercise my best judgment. I went to the railway station, called for the ticket agent and told him I wanted a pass to go home. He told me that he could not give me a pass, and that I should have to see the Superintendent of the road. I asked where I could find him. He rang a little hand-bell—there was no electricity then—and a young man came who was ordered to take me to the Superintendent's room. I said, 'Good morning, Sir. I want you to give me a pass to go home.'

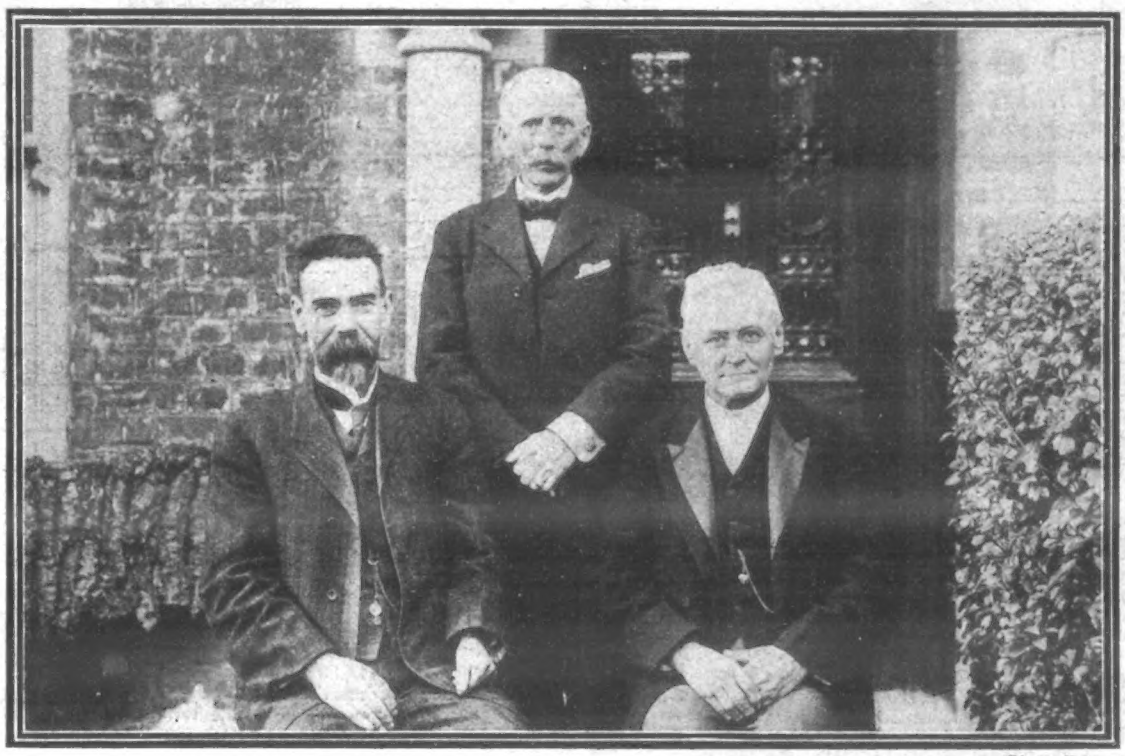


*Photo. Topical.*

**WORKERS AGAINST GAMBLING.**

**Mr. Quinn on right; in the centre, Mr. E. N. Hills, once a stockbroker, who was robbed of thousands by sharpers, and who is now a keen helper in the reformed gambler's good work; and on the left Mr. Lane, the Secretary of the International Anti-Gambling Association.**

"'Give you a pass!' he exclaimed. 'What for?'

"'I have been robbed of all my money,' I replied.

"The Superintendent was a good fellow. He looked at me in a fatherly way, and said, 'How did you lose your money?'

"'I have been gambling,' I answered.

"'You are very honest about it,' he replied.

"'That far I am,' I answered.

"'What do you do when you are at home?' he questioned.

"'I am a farmer, Sir,' I said.

"He looked at me very earnestly, and then said, 'Young man, if I came to your farm and asked you to hitch up your team, and take me to the neighbouring town, would you do it?'

"'If I was hitched up,' I said, 'and you were going my way, I 'd let you ride.'

"That answer caught him. He picked up the little bell on his table and rang it. A young man came in, and the Superintendent ordered him to take me out to the Assistant and write me out a pass to take me to Moberley, my home.

"When I got home the coloured slave-girl—for my father was a slave-owner in those days—opened the door and asked where I had come from. Then I went to my mother's room, and as I stepped behind the door I saw my little sister lying on her death-bed. She beckoned with her little hand for me to go to her. She said—'Brother, promise me that you will never gamble any more.' I did promise her, and felt at the time, and, later, at her grave, that I would keep that promise. But the fascination of gambling was so strong, and my determination to take advantage of my brothers by gambling was so powerful that I soon drifted back into the gambler's life.

"Then I left home and went to St. Louis, where I followed the profession for fifteen years, and grew familiar with every secret known to the gambling profession. I am one of the most expert card-dealers in the world. I am familiar with faro-bank, and roulette, dice—I am considered the greatest expert of dice-throwing in the world—and other gambling games. In my exhibitions, when I shake a dice-box I always challenge everyone in the audience to beat me, and if they can I will give them a hundred pounds For nineteen years I have made this challenge, and have never found a man to take the money.

"You ask me for some of my gambling experiences. I give them willingly.

"I dealt faro-bank for years at 641, Pine Street, St. Louis, where I was one of the partners in a gambling house. A railway conductor came there and won fifty dollars (£10) every time he played, for seven or eight times. One day I said to my partner, 'I am going to clip the conductor's wings to-night.' I told my regular players that there would be no game that evening, as I was tired and going to a circus. That night I fixed my crooked box, and had my confederates around the table to make it appear that the game was square. We waited some time, but the conductor did not come. Then I rose from my seat to go home, saying, 'Boys, I guess our conductor is not coming.' Just at that moment we heard his footsteps coming up the stairs. Each man hustled to his place as the conductor came into the room, so the game looked natural and square as when he had won the money. I beat him out of 3,100 dollars (£620) before he left the room. His brother-in-law, another conductor, came to St. Louis after him. We discovered he had a good fat roll of money with him, and we gave him the same game we had given his brother-in-law for 3000 dollars (£600).

"Besides faro, we also had roulette in our house. A man by the name of Miller, a collector for a wholesale house, came in one night and lost 2000 dollars (£400), money belonging to his employer. The merchant had Miller arrested by Matt. W. Pinkerton, one of our great detectives, and Mr. Pinkerton being a great friend of mine, sent for me to go to his office. I went. Then he sent for the merchant, and we prevailed upon him to allow us to demonstrate to him the impossibility of a man beating the wheel Miller had played against. The merchant, who did not know I was one of the men who had taken the money from Miller, refused for a time to accept any proposition whatever, but finally consented to see the wheel manipulated. He said, 'Make me win ten times on the red.' I did. 'Now,' he said, 'make me win ten times on the black.' I did. Then he asked for Miller, who was brought in. He took Miller's hand and said, 'I have accumulated a million dollars in my life (£200,000), and I freely acknowledge that I would have lost my money against this wheel. Therefore, I forgive you, and I want you to come back to-morrow morning and take your old position in my office. I do this because I have a family myself, and love them, and know that you love yours.'

"If I had not proved to him that Miller could not have won, he would have prosecuted him and have had him sent to the Penitentiary.

"Now I will give you an experience I had at poker.

"There was a brake-man on a railway who received only fifty-five dollars (£11) a month. One evening he came to my place and I won his fifty-five dollars. As I went downstairs he followed me and said, 'I am in a bad way. I have lost all my money, and I have nothing in my house for my wife and two children to eat. Won't you lend me fifteen dollars (£3) till my next pay day?' I told him I would not lend, but give the money to him on one condition—if he would promise me never to play cards again. He said he didn't like to promise that, as he had lost so much that he wanted to try and win it back. I told him I would talk plainly to him, and I said, 'You are a working man, and any man who works for his money cannot afford to gamble, for while you are at your work earning your money, the gambler is practising methods of deception and fraud how to steal your wages from you. Now,' I continued, 'you are as fine a sucker as I ever saw in my life. I 'd rather have you gamble with me than find the money in the road, for if I found it there, somebody would be sure to claim it.' Eventually he said he would promise not to gamble any more, and I gave him the money, which he wanted to pay back out of his next month's salary. I told him I did not want it, but I did want him to quit gambling and take care of his family. Before I left him I said, 'Young man, your first duty is to your wife and children. If you have any notion of gambling again, whatever money you have to spare from your wages, place it in an envelope and stick it, with your compliments, under the door of the house where you do your gambling. By doing this you will save your time.' Then I told him never to come back to my house, as I was looking for bigger game in the shape of rich men, not for men who had to work for their money.

"Ten years later I had been converted, and was lecturing at Columbus, Indiana. After my discourse, a man came up to me with his wife and four children, one of them a baby in arms. He shook hands with me, and I was delighted when he told me he was the man from whom I had robbed the fifty-five dollars and had given back the fifteen.

He told me he wanted me to go and dine with him, and I went to his little cottage. He said, "Brother Quinn"—for he called me brother—"you cured me of gambling by the way you talked to me the day you gave me the fifteen dollars. From that time to now I have never gambled for one single penny." Then he told me that, as the result of his steady life, the cottage in which he lived belonged to him, and was already paid for in full. My heart was filled with joy when he and his wife, with tears in their eyes, told me of their gratitude for what I had done for him.

"In addition to all the other forms of gambling, I also went in for the gold brick swindle. A business man of a certain town gave us information that one of the bankers was a close-fisted, miserly fellow, who, he believed, would buy some gold bricks. For this information the business man was to, and did, receive 10 per cent. of what we made. We played for the banker, took him into the woods, where we told him an Indian, named Charlie, was in possession of the alleged gold bricks. The banker paid over, for four bricks, one hundred notes of a hundred dollars each, making ten thousand dollars in all (£2000). He was such an easy mark we told him that Charlie, the Indian, had four more bricks he could have at the same price. He at once took out his book and wrote his cheque for the other four. Then I went back to town and met the business man, who received his 10 per cent. of the first 10,000 dollars, and I told him I was going to present the cheque for 10,000 dollars. He was scared almost to death, and begged me not to go to the bank, as he felt sure that the banker would suspect the trick we had played on him, would have us arrested, and he would be brought into the matter for the thousand dollars which he had received. The spurious brass bricks which he bought for gold the banker had placed in the vaults of the bank. They remained there for six weeks, and from the fact that the 10,000 dollar cheque was not presented he grew suspicious, went to the chemist's, got a bottle of acid, poured it on the bricks, and so discovered the fraud. Then he took them out in the woods and buried them, so that no one knew anything about the matter. The reason why I did not present the cheque was because I did not want to take any risk, though I was not afraid of being discovered, for I was certain I should not be recognised at the bank as one of the men who had sold the gold bricks. My reason for this belief was that I actually did go to the bank and get a small note cashed. Then I was dressed like a City man, while, when I first went to the banker I was made up and disguised as a miner.

"For twenty-five years I played the crooked game, looking for the best of it, like all other gamblers. From my experience, I say unreservedly to everyone, when you find that a man is a professional gambler give him a wide berth, for it is impossible for him to make it a success and for him to be honest at the same time.

"My conversion came about in this way. I was on my way from St. Louis to Chicago with two friends, and we stopped at Terra Haute, Indiana, to get an affidavit, so that an old soldier could draw his pension from the Government. There we found that a man had been robbed of 3000 dollars (£600) at bunko, another confidence game which is played in our country. We, being suspicious characters and strangers, were arrested. The man who had been robbed had offered 500 dollars (£100) for the arrest of the man who had taken his money. Two detectives went to him and told him they had three suspicious characters locked up, and if he would identify them he would get his 3000 dollars. On this he said we looked like the men, and therefore the detectives got the reward. We were tried, convicted and sentenced to three years' hard labour. When the jury pronounced the verdict of 'Guilty,' the Judge asked each of us what we had to say. I said, 'Judge, as you pass sentence on me so the Almighty will pass sentence on you in the near future, for you know we are not guilty of this crime.'

"In less than three months that Judge was dead.

"When the sheriff took us to the

# THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT YARMOUTH.

*Photo. World's Graphic Press.*

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ATTENDING THE INAUGURAL SERVICE OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS.**

prison, he told the warden we were not guilty of the crime. One of our Senators, who had acted as our attorney, came to the prison shortly after and told us he could get us out in ten days if we would pay him 10,000 dollars (£2000). I asked the warden if I could speak freely to the Senator, and when he said 'Certainly!' I said, 'Senator, you know we are not guilty of this crime, and you are working in league with the prosecuting Attorney to rob us of our money. I would see you as far in hell as a pigeon could fly in a million years before I would give you a dollar.' That settled our fate.

"I had been in prison about four or five months when I received a letter from my wife telling me that our son, our only child, was dead, and the last words he spoke were, 'I want papa to come home!' A few months later, I received a farewell letter from my wife, saying she wanted to have nothing more to do with me. I fell on my knees at nine o'clock that night, and when I came to myself the clocks were striking midnight. I rose up and said to myself, 'Is this all that is left?' The next day, when I went out with the other prisoners, the foreman of the prison told me I need not work that day with them, but that I was to clean out some benches. In doing this I found an old, well-worn Bible. As I looked at it, I saw an inscription on the fly-leaf. It was, 'From your broken-hearted wife.'

"I took the Bible away with me, and in reading it I came to the passage in which Paul and Silas prayed at midnight, and the prisoners heard them, and the doors of the prison were opened and Paul and Silas were liberated. I said to myself, 'Is this the same God I am reading about that Paul and Silas prayed to?' If so, He answered their prayer, and, learning from this old Book that he has no respect of persons, He will answer my prayer. I said, 'Lord, you know I never committed this crime, and I want the guilty people caught.'

"In three days from that time my prayer was answered. The men were caught in Detroit, Michigan, and taken back to Brown's Town, Indiana, where the crime had been committed, whereupon the Governor of the State pardoned us three innocent men. One of them, feeling he was a disgrace to the daughter he loved so much, hanged himself in his barn. The other was affected with nervous prostration and never recovered; and I have consecrated my time and talent to the service of God and to the saving of young men from a gambler's life.

"Many thousands have been saved in this way, and that not only from gambling, and my mission to England is to demonstrate the facts regarding the deceptions practised by American gamblers on English people who go to our country.

"I illustrate my lectures with crooked gambling machines, and prove to the audiences, by my manipulation, the impossibility of ever beating a gambler at his own game. For nineteen years I have been in this business, and I have never shown a single man one solitary secret of the trade. As, however, I am getting along in years now, I believe that it will not only be the good will of the people, but it is also a matter of justice, from my standpoint, for the leading people of London to select certain responsible young men, and for me to teach them how these secrets are worked so that when I am dead and gone the good work may still go on without me.

"When I play cards, I can deal myself any hand I choose, when I use my own cards. If, however, I am given a new pack, after I have dealt them a few times I have them marked in such a way that, though I know every one of them, nobody else can detect the fact that they are marked at all.

"If people will only listen to facts, and come and see the dangerous paraphernalia we have brought with us, every piece of which has been captured from gambling-houses by the Pinkertons and myself, we, the Anti-Gambling Crusaders of America, will save the English people millions of pounds. More has been said against gambling in our American Press during the last eighteen months than for many years before. Our crusade and the papers have made things so warm for the crooked professonal gamblers of our country that they are leaving America and coming to Europe to look for new victims.

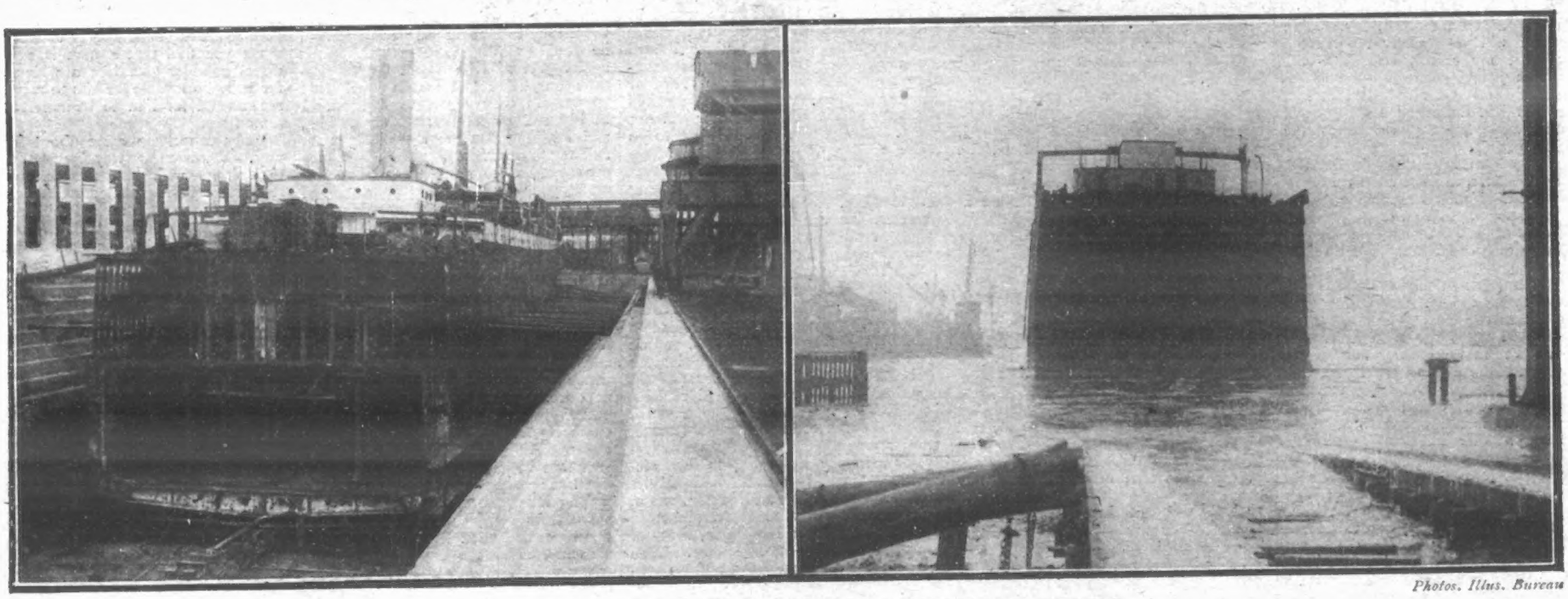
"How widespread are the dealings of these men may be judged from the fact that an average of ten people come to our bureau every day to report that they have been robbed, and many of these victims are English."

"In bringing our work before the public we shall give free lectures to the Guilds, the Young Men's Christian Associations, young men's clubs, etc.; and we shall, in a few days, open a place where those who do not visit such institutions may go and see America's most dangerous forms of gambling, and thereby be saved their money."

*Photo. Illus. Bureau.*

**A BELIEVER IN SELF-HELP.**

**The Bishop of Norwich arrives, and, despite his age, carries his own bag and rug.**



*Photos. Illus. Bureau*

**THE SECOND HALF OF THE SALVED "SUEVIC" LAUNCHED.**

**When half the "Suevic" was salved, one of the finest engineering feats of modern times was commenced. The second stage has been reached with the launching, at Belfast, of the new bows, which will be taken to Southampton and joined to the other half. Our photographs show the launching of the bows, and the stern part waiting at Southampton.**

# The Editor to his Friends.

## A LAND OF PROMISE.

WHAT is England? Just a little bit of a country that seems to have crept into the map of the world for keeps while no one was looking—a place where there are policemen at every corner and lists of rules in trams and trains. What freedom is there? What scope has a man who feels that he was born to make the world ring with his daring deeds? None!

I am perfectly sure that there are dozens who argue like that every week. The germ of discontent has crept into their brains; they refuse to see any prospect in the country that reared their fathers and their fathers' fathers. They look beyond the sea, away to the lands of which they have read in books, and the germ of discontent becomes the spirit of adventure. They know that they are living fruitlessly, and that their only chance lies away in one of those distant lands of promise.

My readers — I am addressing the younger section of you—if you have any thoughts of that kind, don't hurry—but think. It is quite true that huge fortunes have been made in America, Canada, and Australia or South Africa; and it is equally true that many more, perhaps even more colossal ones, will be made there. But you, why should you be one of the lucky ones? True, why should you not? The argument is good both ways, save for one thing; where one man makes a fortune, a thousand become wrecks—just atoms of humanity that drift on a sluggish tide of life towards the time when the river of years shall carry them out into the ocean that no man has explored and come back to tell about. They went out with great ideas, just as you would go, and with the same cheap revolver (or a near relation to it) hidden away in the bottom of their trunks; they were going out to a land of promise, perfectly convinced that in a few years they would return, pension off all their relatives who happened to need money, and settle down with the rest in Park Lane or some other fashionable thoroughfare. Precisely! I can only say that it is unwise for the relatives in question to depend upon such a means of livelihood for their old age.

A LAND OF PROMISE.

Don't think that I am sneering at these ambitions, for I know them to be of the desirable things of life. Even if they are only dreams, after which there is generally a rude awakening—well, let them dream. The best part of one's life is spent building castles in the air, and who shall say that it is unprofitable. Why I, who sit here and write to you as the mood takes me, have my dreams, too. Some have their castles in them, others have just the scent of flowers and a feeling of perfect peace; but they are all beautiful, perhaps because they are my own, these dreams.

But let us return to the more serious dreams, the ones that are taking young men and women out of this country every day of the week. I don't want to preach to any who think of going, but I do want to give them a word of warning. To the women I will say only one thing—the life of the Colonist is hard, very hard. To the men there is more to say, but the chief thing is this: If you are going out with the idea that you are going to ride buck-jumpers all day, or shoot the animals for which the country is famous, I am sorry for you. Probably you have got your ideas from books, and books are not always reliable. Remember that it is frequently part of an author's business to exaggerate. If he wrote the truth—the bare, unvarnished truth—his stories would read very baldly, and you who love adventure, I am sure, would not read them. If you are not going out with those ideas, but know that more than usually hard work lies before you; if you are not afraid to start amassing that great fortune by holding horses' heads or doing other menial work, then go, for you may succeed. All I ask you is not to place your hands over your eyes, so that you see nothing but fortune in this dreamland of promise that you are setting out for.

Stop in England and work, for it is better than dreaming; or, if you must dream, dream when work is done. Live your life, and dream at the close of day. You will find these dreams good, and they will not interfere with the things of the prosaic waking hours. Dream of this country as it might be; write "Great Britain for the British" across your dreams, and remember that if you cross the sea to the land of promise you leave room for another man to step into the place that you should hold, and he *may not* be an Englishman. You are a Britisher, and don't you forget it. Stay where you are, even if your position isn't a brilliant one, and do the greater things in your dreams. One thing you can think of when waking: so long as you keep your job, it is being done by an Englishman.

It is getting late, for to-day has been a more than usually prosaic and worrying one, and the time has come for me to go to the place where I dream—my home.

YOUR EDITOR.

HEROIC RESCUES OFF THE IRISH COAST.

**Many French sailors were rescued, after being forty-eight hours without food and exposed to a fierce gale, from the wreck of the barque "Leon XIII.," which went ashore on the rocks of the fishing hamlet of Quilty on the Irish coast last week. The work of rescue was heroically carried out under the most adverse circumstances by the Irish coastguards and fishermen.**

# THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

## FOOTBALL.

VERY sorry am I to see articles by some rabid writers who appear to hold the utmost animosity towards the new Amateur Football Association. Instead of trying to heal the breach, these one-sided backers-up of everything professional seem determined to deepen the wound. While admitting that professionals have done much to improve the science of Association football, there surely must be something said on the side of the men who choose to play the game for the game's sake, and, besides, give up a lot of their time to committee work.

The recent resolution of the F.A. that "all clubs and players under the jurisdiction of the Football Association who shall play with or against clubs or players who are not under the jurisdiction of a recognised Association will be forthwith suspended *sine die*," seems to have been received with a fiendish kind of delight in some quarters. Why, I fail to perceive, simply because no other attitude could consistently be taken up by the parent body as their rules stand at present. The resolution was evidently aimed at the new association, and one cannot look hopefully to the near future to bring about reconciliation, especially as the seceding amateurs are as keen in maintaining their position as the F.A. are. But we can still hope that time will bring some scheme whereby the deplorable breach can be healed.

Meanwhile, the A.F.A. have received support from a rather unexpected quarter. Seeing that the Rugby Union have an understanding with the Football Association, it was thought by some that the R.U. would hold aloof, but they have given their unqualified support to the new organisation, inasmuch as they have issued a pronouncement to the effect that they recognise the A.F.A. as a governing body.

HARLEQUINS DEFEAT RICHMOND BY 42 POINTS TO NIL.
Richmond rob Harlequins of the ball.

League matches have not quite settled down yet, and which is "top dog" can, for the present time, be only a matter of conjecture. At the moment, Manchester United are going very strongly, and they have the satisfactory record of six wins out of seven matches. Sheffield Wednesday are next in order of merit, they having won five, lost one, and drawn one.

Bury have played more games than any other club, and in the course of nine matches they have won five, drawn one, and lost three. London's clubs in the First Division—Woolwich Arsenal and Chelsea—are not covering themselves with distinction, each having only won one match.

In the Second Division Fulham have taken an up turn, and they easily accounted for Chesterfield at Craven Cottage by five goals to nil. Clapton Orient were engaged with Romford in the English Cup, the latter being beaten by six goals to three.

In the Southern League, Tottenham Hotspur met with an unexpected reverse at the hands (and feet) of the Crystal Palace Club. The 'Spurs want some beating on their own ground, but the Sydenham team accomplished it by two goals to one. On Monday the "Glaziers" drew with Northampton, and thus put up a record of 5 points in three matches. Northampton had gained a meritorious victory over Millwall on the previous Saturday by two goals to one.

Southampton had Bradford Park Avenue for opponents at the Dell, and beat them by two to one. West Ham United played a goalless draw with Brighton and Hove, Bristol Rovers beat Watford by two to one, Norwich City vanquished Brentford by three goals to two, Leyton were beaten by Reading by three goals to one. Swindon had a goal to spare in their match with New Brompton; Queen's Park Rangers defeated Luton by three goals to one; and last, but by no means least, Plymouth Argyle set up a record by defeating Portsmouth, their victory, which was gained by two goals to one, being their sixth in succession! Such a performance is without precedence in the Southern League tourney.

Mr. C. J. B. Marriott has been elected successor to Mr. Percy Coles as secretary to the Rugby Union. Mr. Marriott was at Cambridge, which University he represented for some years on the Rugby Union. He also played for England, Kent, and Blackheath

## SWIMMING.

There has been plenty of excitement in swimming circles recently. Following on Billington's new record of 6 min. 18 2-5 sec. for 500 yards came a magnificent race for the Southern Counties Amateur Championship, which was decided at Camberwell Baths on Monday night. H. W. Faircloth, of the Holloway U.S.C., won by a touch from J. Hodgson, Polytechnic, with G. Innocent, City of London Police, third. On the same evening H. W. Allason, of the Otter S.C., won the plunging championship with a plunge of 75 ft. 10 in.; G. Blake, Lewisham, being second.

LACROSSE: ENGLAND v. WALES AT CARDIFF.
England beat Wales by 18 points to 2. A fine run by England.

THE CAT IN A BOTTLE.
This cat was found in the bottle after having been missed. The bottle had to be smashed to liberate it. How it got there is a mystery.

LACROSSE: ENGLAND v. WALES AT CARDIFF.
A fine run up and an awkward slip right in front of the goal.

# "ALL BLACKS" No. 2: THE NEW ZEALAND FOOTBALL TEAM

Great things are expected of the New Zealand football team which has just arrived in this country. Back Row—T. Wynyard, A. Lile, H. Gilchrist, E. Tyne, C. Dunning, H. T. Tyler. Second Row—Baskeville, Pearce, Kelly, J. Lavery, D. Fraser, A. Callam, C. Bryne, W. Wynyard, T. H. Smith, Hodgson, H. S. Turtill. Third Row—W. Johnston, W. Trevarthen, Messenger, W. Wrigley, E. M. Smith, Wright, MacGregor, R. N. Mackrell, Harold Rowe, L. B. Todd, T. Cross.

A RUSH BY THE HOME TEAM

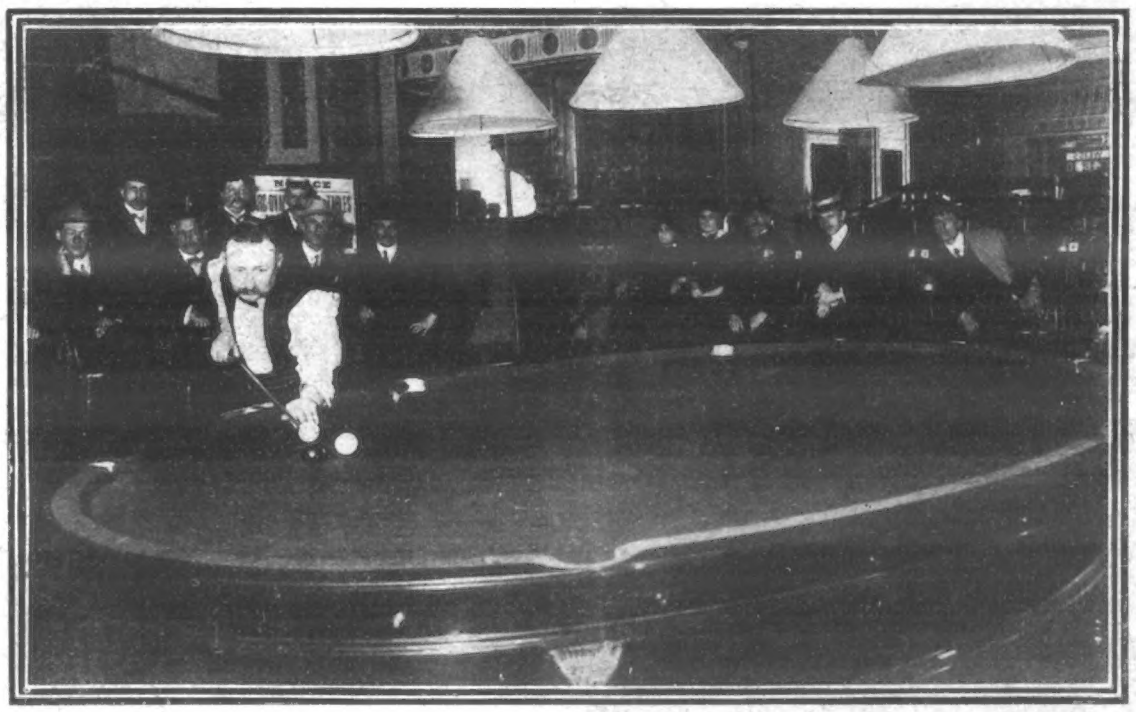
### LAWN-TENNIS.

By winning the Gentlemen's Singles event at Llandudno last Saturday G. A. Caridia not only again became champion of Wales, but made the twenty-five guinea bowl his own property, this being his fourth success. He had A. L. Bentley as his opponent in the final, but the latter was outplayed, and beaten by three straight sets. Miss Eastlake Smith took the Ladies' Singles from the holder, Mrs. Curtis Whyte, and she also helped R. F. Doherty to win the Open Mixed Doubles from A. L. Bentley and Miss A. N. G. Greene after a splendid struggle

### ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

In my notes last week I spoke of the end of the season, but athletes "die hard," and are very loth to give up their favourite sport. On the whole, we have had a very interesting five months. A number of records have been set up, and many young runners of promise have come to the front so fast that it would not surprise me if the season of 1908 caused us to be further astonished. But there is the winter to get through yet, so further reflection may be committed to the spring.

Another cycling record has gone by the board, as, on the Crystal Palace track on Saturday, a successful attack was made on the then existing figures by George Flint of the three-quarters of a mile standing-start unpaced record of 1 min. 32 1-5 sec., made by H. B. Howard, on the Sydenham track, on July 29, 1904. Flint did the distance in 1 min. 31 4-5 sec., and the merit of the performance is enhanced by the fact that he had to face a stiff breeze for a great part of the journey.



THE NEW OVAL BILLIARD TABLE.

Weiss (who defeated Roberts last week) in play.

The Malden Harriers had an interesting meeting on the Kingston cricket ground. The quarter of a mile cycle championship of the club was won by J. Tickner; and the veteran South London Harrier, A. J. Fowden, won his match with another old-timer, E. F. Vowles, of the Malden H., the latter conceding five yards. The 250-yards scratch race was taken by W. A. Dewsnap, a Blackheath Harrier who has rapidly been coming to the front during the present season, in proof of which he beat such a well-tried performer as L. J. de B. Reed.

W. Endean, an old-time walker, of class, won the mile veterans' handicap; F. H. Hulford secured the quarter-mile club championship, the mile cycle team race was taken by the Epsom C.C., and the mile-and-a-half open handicap went to G. A. Blow, Belgrave Harriers.

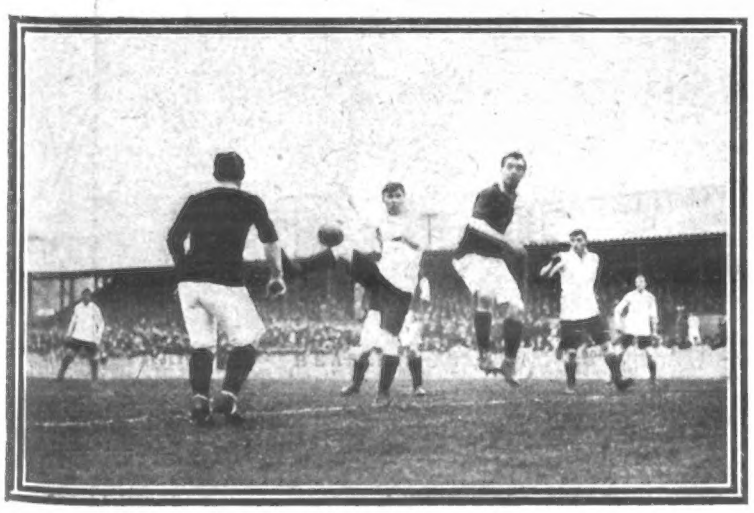
The A.A.A. have declined to arrange a working agreement with the Rhodesia Cycling Union, as it is against their rules to do so with Associations outside the kingdom. This was announced at a general meeting held last Saturday, when several records were passed. These include Oswald Groenings' 300-yards hurdles record of 38 1-5 sec.; J. B. Densham's quarter-mile hurdles record of 57 4-5 sec.; and T. E. Hammond's record walk from London to Brighton and back in 18 hours 15 min. 3" sec.

### LACROSSE.

Thus early in the season an international lacrosse match has been won and lost, the winners being England, and the losers Wales. It was no half-hearted victory, either, that the representatives of the Rose obtained, for the margin in their favour at the finish was eighteen goals to two. At the interval England held a lead of eight goals to two, but Wales should have done better, for plenty of chances went their way. More good scoring was seen in the club games between Brookfield and Clapham, in which the former won by nine goals to five; and Hampstead and Surbiton, in which the latter were defeated by eight goals to one.

### BILLIARDS.

John Roberts has met with defeat at last, and the arc-oval table has proved the cause of his downfall. Weiss held the lead of him almost throughout their game of 14,000 up at the National Sporting Club, and though the big man made several fine breaks after he had got used to the table, the Australian kept his advantage to the finish and won by 1466 points. Weiss can thus claim the honour of being the only living professional to beat the old champion on any kind of billiard-table on level terms.



WOOLWICH v. BURY.

The match ended in a draw. Sharp (Woolwich) clears from a corner.

WOOLWICH v. BURY.

Some good head-work by the Woolwich backs.


# HOW TO MAKE MONEY

## A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE MAN OF SMALL MEANS.

Within the last few weeks there has been an almost overwhelming demand for a remarkable book—a book dealing concisely, but with a masterly completeness, with a subject of absorbing interest—a book that reveals to "the man in the street" the wide possibilities of money-making as they have never been revealed before. It tears aside the curtain which, to the average man and woman, hangs so closely around the whole question. It enlightens, informs, where hitherto was misconception or, perhaps, ignorance—in a word, it places the desirability of the savings banks' three per cent. in a different light from what some of us have grown to regard it.

There are, it tells us, greener fields and newer pastures for such of us as have spare capital. Moreover, it points—without fear or favour—to where those fields and pastures lie. "The Scientific Increase of Income" is the title chosen by the authors—men versed from A to Z in the matters of which they speak.

"The Scientific Increase of Income" is not a book for the library shelf nor the bookcase, it is a book to be read—and read again—paragraph by paragraph, line by line, a book to be digested, a book whose information is not only intensely interesting, but reliable. For every heedful, vigilant man or woman, it is one of the few books essential. To have missed reading its thrilling, fascinating pages is to have missed part of one's education; to have read those pages may be to have opened the flood-gates of fortune. When it is possible to obtain ten, twenty, or even thirty per cent. on one's surplus funds, it is only natural that the public—lacking special knowledge—wants to hear about it. In "The Scientific Increase of Income" the whole matter is fully explained.

The public, it would seem, is also desirous of knowing about it quickly. Over one hundred thousand copies of the book have already been issued, and the machines are now running at top speed producing another edition.

If "The Scientific Increase of Income" had been high in price, we could well have understood such a demand, considering the invaluable nature of the information imparted; but for the present, at all events, the book is sent *free* to all inquirers.

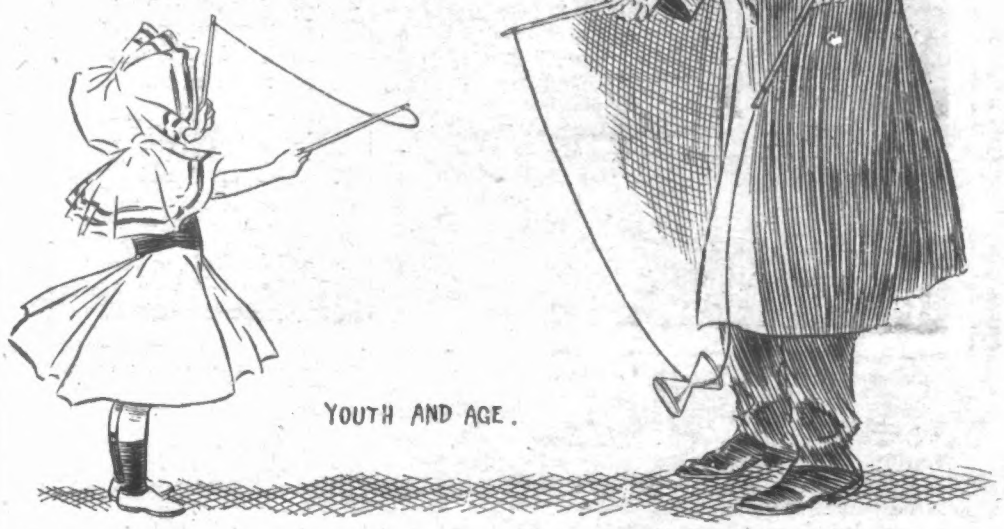
No one can read the book without benefit, and the possibilities it opens up so incisively and so unmistakably are immeasureable.

There is, of course, no telling how soon it may be impossible to procure further copies; but to miss such an opportunity to-day for the sake of a postcard would be indeed unwise.

Writing to-day may secure you a copy of "The Scientific Increase of Income" by return post. Address: Messrs. Arnold and Butler (Room 155 D), 124, Holborn, London, E.C. The book will be sent you absolutely free of all cost, and you may keep it.

# DIABOLO

## THE LATEST CRAZE AND ITS POSSIBILITIES



YOUTH AND AGE.

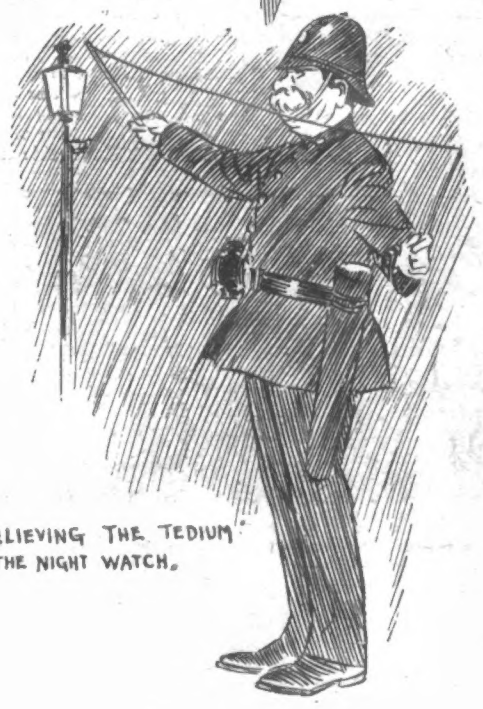
AT THE INFIRMARY.

"WOT I SAYS IS, ALWAYS BE UP TER DATE' THE PUBLIC LIKES ENTERPRISE AND AFTER ALL IT'S A CHANGE FROM THE ORGAN.

PITY THE POOR DIABOLOER

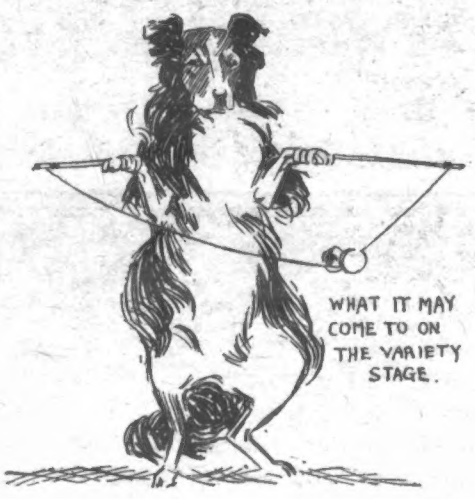
ON HIS MORNING ROUNDS

A HOLIDAY REMINISCENCE.



RELIEVING THE TEDIUM OF THE NIGHT WATCH.

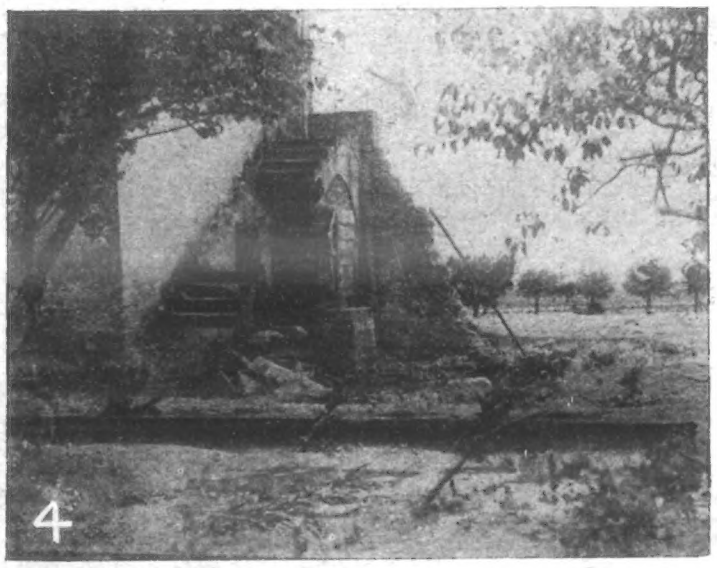
A LOOKER ON



WHAT IT MAY COME TO ON THE VARIETY STAGE.

(DUDLEY CLEAVER 07)

# FLOODS IN FRANCE



*Photos. Topical.*

**The serious floods in France have caused widespread damage. Homes have been wrecked, and misery and devastation is seen on all sides. 1. The streets now resemble canals, as our first photograph shows 2 Illustrates a house undermined by the water until it collapsed into the street 3. Scenes like this may be found throughout the flooded area. 4 Shows how even stone steps and slabs were lifted bodily out of place. 5. A novel pair of stilts being used to ensure dry feet.**

# HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

### What He Would Do.

A striking example of presence of mind had just occurred in the history lesson, and the teacher considered it an opportune moment for inculcating upon her class the many advantages of resourcefulness.

"Now, children," she said, "supposing a tiger were to seize one of you in its hungry jaws and carry you off into the jungle, what would you do?"

No reply.

"You tell me, Tommy," she continued, pointing to one of the brightest youngsters.

Tommy hesitated.

"Come, Tommy," she said. "Would you cry for help?"

"No, Ma'am," said he; "mother says little boys shouldn't speak at meal times."—*Tit-Bits.*

### "What a Pity!"

A doctor in the Midlands, who numbers among his patients a certain wealthy lady, is fond of telling the following story—

The lady was recovering from a serious illness, and, tiring of a liquid diet, pleaded for a change. After due consideration, the doctor ordered her a boiled egg, and this she ate with a mingled air of relish and contempt.

"Doctor," she said, as the nurse removed cup and plate, "an egg is a delicious thing." Then, with much melancholy, she added: "What a pity it is so common among the poor!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

### Concluded.

"Uncle," said the young man, "I want to raise enough money to pay off my creditors, and then wash my hands of the business I've been trying to run."

"All right," said the uncle kindly. "I will let you have £20, if that will help you."

"But it will be merely a drop in the the bucket."

"A drop in the bucket! I thought you only wanted to wash your hands—not to take a bath."—*Tit-Bits.*

### "Thank You, Sir—Thank You!"

The Pierrots had sung their opening chorus, but the favourite comedian had not yet turned up. Knowing that most of the audience had come for the express purpose of hearing this particular performer, the manager thought it necessary to make some sort of explanation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, stepping to the front of the platform, "I much regret to announce that our old friend Mr. Tommy Tickle will not appear this afternoon. I have sent to his lodgings, but he is not there. He seems to have vanished completely."

Slowly the familiar form of Mr. Tickle rose from among the audience, but he was not in professional garb.

"I'm not lost," he said, "but I'm too much overcome to perform for a day or two. You know, I take the bag round after I've sung my song, and I'm used to getting all sorts of things put into it; but this morning a gentleman placed in my hand a live fly, and told me to give it to the manager without hurting it. That's about the limit."

And, sighing wearily, he resumed his seat.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

### Let Them.

The popular dramatist was wearing his most impressive air as he walked with the critic and discoursed upon a literature he knew nothing about. Presently they reached the dramatist's house, and paused in front of it.

"Some day, my friend," said the playwright mysteriously, "some day this modest little edifice will be famous."

"Yes," replied the critic pensively. "I suppose that after you are dead they will decorate it with a tablet."

"Undoubtedly they will," mused the dramatist. "But what, my friend, do you think they will say on the tablet?"

"Oh," said the critic, "just something simple and appropriate. Probably 'To Let.'"

Then he saved himself from his impending fate by jumping into a passing taxicab.—*Answers.*

### No Bill-Sticking.

A merchant on his way to business one morning espied his son, who should have been at school, playing with some lads in the road. Approaching the youth, the irate father said sternly:

"William, what have you to say to prevent my giving you a severe caning for absenting yourself from school without my sanction?"

William looked helplessly around, but as his gaze rested on a notice-board affixed to an adjacent wall a gleam of hope illuminated his countenance.

"The law protects me, father," he said. "Look at the notice."

The father looked, and forgave his erring son on the spot; for on the board were the warning words:

"Stick no Bills."

### Merely That.

"You advertised that you had found a purse, I believe?" the visitor said to the man who had come to the door in answer to his ring.

"I did."

"You say it contained a very large sum of money?"

"Yes."

"And that the owner could have same by naming the sum found and describing the purse."

"Yes. Go on."

"That is all I wished to ask."

"But you will have to give a description of the purse you lost before you can put in a claim."

"I lost no purse."

"You didn't? Then why have you called?"

"Merely to see what sort of a man it is who will find a very large sum of money and then advertise the fact in the papers instead of putting it safely away. Good-day, Sir."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

### Both Artists.

He was the village barber and his wife was the village milliner, and as they sat in the lecture-room he complained bitterly of a big hat in front of him, which completely obscured his view of the lecturer.

"I'm going to ask the lady to take it off," he said at last.

"No, no, Dick!" his wife whispered. "That is a hat I trimmed myself, and I am watching it with all the pride of an artist who has created a new masterpiece."

"Mebbe you are," growled the barber, "but you ain't got a monopoly of the trimming business. I trimmed the lecturer's hair this morning—not before it needed it, either—and I'm watching it with all the pride of an artist who has created a new head-piece. So out of the way your masterpiece must come!"

And, leaning over, he quietly requested the offending hat's removal.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

### Why He Deserted.

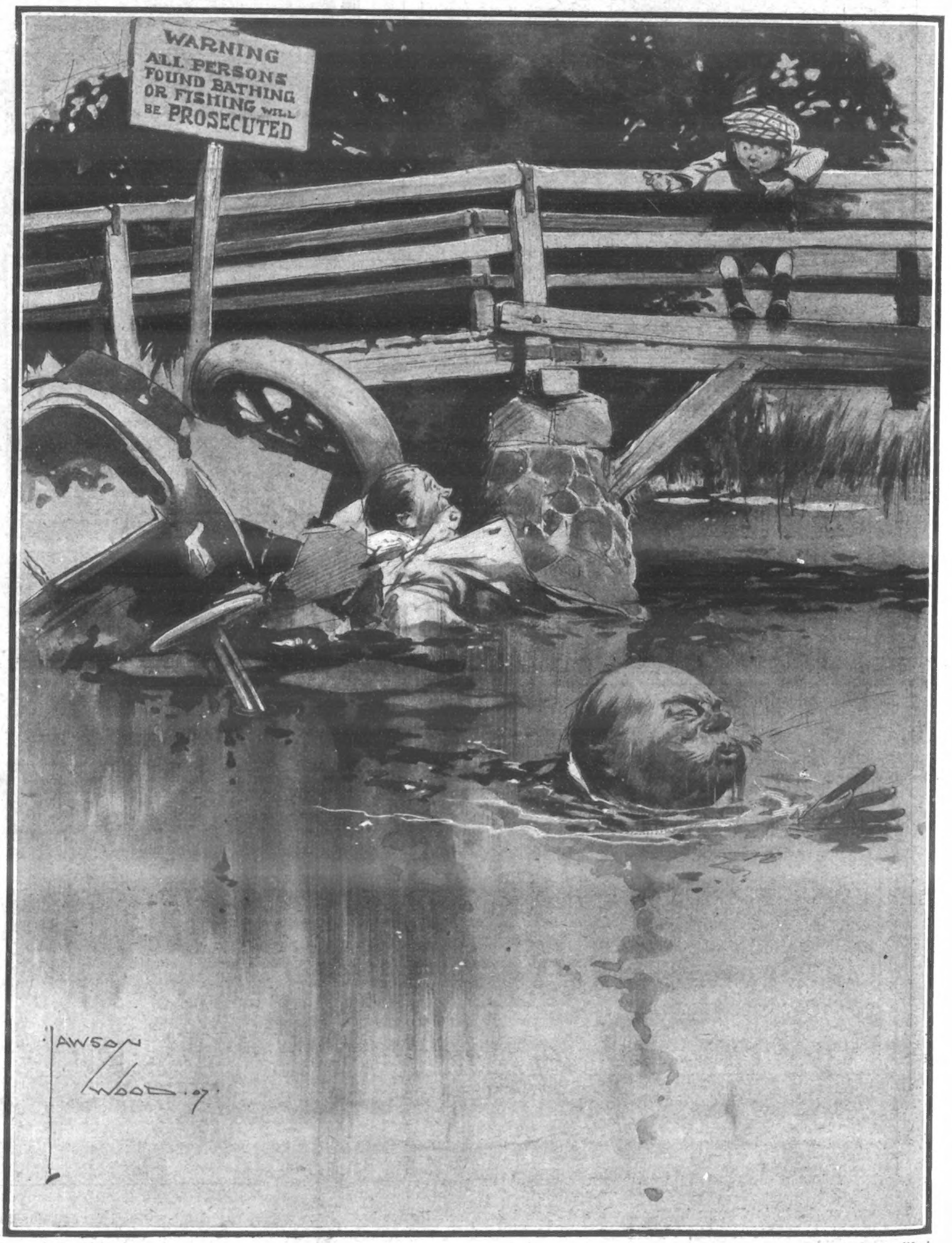
A week after enlisting Jim returned to his parents' abode stealthily and at dead of night.

"Have you deserted, Jim?" gasped his horrified parents.

"I couldn't help it," snivelled the recreant soldier. "They treated me summat shameful."

"Wot did they do to you?" indignantly demanded the bad bargain's mother.

"It was the drill sargint," sobbed Jim. 'In order to 'arden our faces, as 'e called it, 'e made us recruits stand in a row facin' all the barrack kids, an' 'e bribed the kids to sing, 'Oh, them pritty pansy faces!' and made us mark time to it!"—*Tit-Bits.*




*Drawn by Lawson Wood.*

**BLACKMAIL.**

**THE SMALL BOY (pointing to the notice-board): Give us a 'apenny, guv'ner, and I won't tell on yer!**

# P.I.P. PLAYGOER

BY THE PROMPTER.

"TALBANTHER, LIMITED," the new syndicate recently formed for producing a new kind of musical comedy, sounds more like a patent food than what it actually is, and, therefore, it is interesting to learn that this mysterious word is a compound of one syllable of three names, household words in the theatrical world—Howard Talbot, Leedham Bantock, and Frank Stather. Mr. Frank Stather, by the way, is the managing director of this enterprising company, which has created so "inquisitive" an interest in stage circles, and, if all goes well, we may expect to find "Talbanther, Limited," comfortably ensconced at the Criterion early in 1908. Apparently, the gentlemen immediately concerned have not suffered from any dearth of plays to select from, for, I believe, over two hundred scintillating dramatic efforts have been submitted by aspiring authors, and, after carefully wading through these efforts, a manuscript from the pen of Mr. Arthur Law, who will, perhaps, best be remembered as the author of "The New Boy," has been chosen. It is refreshing to hear that the subject of the piece is something entirely new.

***

It seems that, according to present arrangements, at any rate, the prices are not to be lowered in the musical comedy shortly to be produced at the Waldorf, which theatre has, hitherto, been dogged with most persistent ill-luck. Purely from an experimental point of view this is to be regretted, as a really good musical comedy at popular prices would, I am convinced, prove a great draw. Perhaps Mr. Joseph Lyons will, one day, launch out in an enterprise of this sort, for no one possesses a keener knowledge of the value of popular prices than the part-author of "The Master Crime."

***

Strenuous efforts are being made just now to work up another wrestling boom during the winter months, but, unless I am very much mistaken, the public are very tired of seeing one-sided matches, absolutely devoid of excitement, between competitors whose only claim to notoriety is a shower of "Press puffs," carefully engineered by these "champions'" astute managers. In fact, it is to be hoped that the wrestling boom will be "nipped in the bud" by an icy, arctic welcome from the public, unless we are to see some "straight" matches. Of course, every new-comer is only too anxious to wrestle Hackenschmidt, for, win or lose, such a match means a liberal share of gate-money; but all unbiassed sportsmen must, in common fairness, see that the magnificent Russian is very wise in not being "drawn" by "Tom, Dick, and Harry." No, if there is to be a wrestling boom on the music-halls this winter, let the public see to it that they are not inflicted with "faked" contests. The only fair course, and the only reasonable course too, to be taken is, I think, that aspirants to wrestle Hackenschmidt should first "take on" each other. Then the winner could be matched for any reasonable sum of money with Hackenschmidt, and—well—we should all flock to see the match.

***

How tremendously loyal the theatre-going public is to its favourites! The other evening I saw a big crowd—there must have been at least two hundred people in all — gathered round the entrance to the Savoy, and at first I imagined that there must either have been an accident or else that Mr. John Burns had been seen entering there in a top-hat. But both prognostications were wrong. The whisper had, somehow or other, got around that Miss Edna May—or, rather, I should say, Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn—was supping there with her husband; and the crowd was merely patiently waiting to see her step into her motor-brougham and drive home. There's loyalty for you!

SWITZERLAND IN LONDON: CHRISTEN BORHEN AND RUDOLF BERNET,
The Swiss Alpine Guides, as they appear in "The Avalanche," at the Hippodrome.

Curiously enough, the very next afternoon I met "The Belle of New York"—how sweet she was in that, her first part in London!—just as she was leaving her house in Sloane Street with her husband, to motor down to their house at Ascot. "Oh, yes, of course, I do miss the theatre quite a lot sometimes," she said in reply to my question, "but then one can't have everything in this world—at least, one shouldn't be so selfish as to want everything, anyway. Besides, I've taken up golf," she added, "and just at present am simply a golfomaniac." Seemingly, it is the fashion for actresses when they marry to retire from the stage for good—only to return in two years or so. But somehow I don't think we shall ever see Miss Edna May back again, much as many of us would like to.

***

"The Avalanche," the latest sensation at the Hippodrome, is quite the best thing Mr. Frank Parker has yet done in the way of blood-curdling spectacles. At the dress rehearsal, by the way, some corpulent, staid members of the Press were persuaded to try the delights of sliding down a mountain-side. The result was more sensational than ever. But if you are in want of a thrill more soul-stirring than a thousand batteries of electricity, you should book a seat at the Hippodrome right away. When the torrent bursts down the mountain-side, carrying with it whole "bunches" of guides, tourist parties, and so on, you will simply hold your breath in amazement—the scene is so intensely life-like. Bravo! Mr. Frank Parker, a few more "Avalanches" and the seating capacity of the Hippodrome will have to be enlarged

***

The Tivoli has a very strong programme just now, and when I looked in there the other night I found the whole house literally holding its sides with mirth at the great Little Tich's representation of the amorous propensities of a certain pier-master. Mr. Wilkie Bard was singing a new song also, while George Robey, whose songs recently have not been quite as good as usual, was bursting forth into some very bright patter. If you are complaining of "that tired feeling," the Tivoli will get rid of it for you at once.

"THE AVALANCHE." THE WONDERFUL SPECTACULAR ACT AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

# THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

## By FERGUS HUME.

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc*

### CHAPTER XXII (*continued*).

DR. DARTON'S SECRET.

"NO! no! I cannot be sure that Wilfred is safe."

"But he is," insisted the inquiry agent, "admitting that the papers caused the crime——"

"They did not," broke in Darton impatiently. "I have said that before and say it again." He rapidly began to untie the string which bound up the papers. "Belinda, you shall hear my secret, which concerns no one but you and me. Lady Cobbin, you shall hear also, and then you can judge if it was worth anyone's while to commit a murder to steal them."

Lady Cobbin nodded. She would have preferred to have gone on questioning Belinda in the hope of learning the name of the person who had used her as a tool, but feminine curiosity prevailed. She half guessed that Belinda's unknown accomplice was Sir Samuel Embers, therefore could wait until the name was spoken. But the secret of the doctor had always piqued her curiosity, so she was anxious to learn it. "Will you read the papers?" she asked.

"It is not worth while," said Wilfred, pausing, as the knot was hard to untie. "I can explain in a few words, and then you and Belinda here can read the proofs for yourself." He hesitated, then turned to the girl. "I told you that I was the heir to a baronetcy."

"Yes," she nodded wonderingly; "you explained that your elder and only brother was sickly, and that when he died you would inherit."

"Quite so. Well, then, I heard that he was ill, and went to see him. A distant cousin was there—a man who has always hated me. Failing me, he inherits the baronetcy and six thousand a year. From him I learned"—Darton hesitated again and grew red—"I learned that I was illegitimate."

Belinda opened her eyes wide. "Then this is your secret?"

"Yes. Can you wonder that I desired to conceal my disgrace from the world? This cousin learned the truth from an old nurse. My mother ran away with—but there, the whole miserable story is in these papers"—he laid his hand on the packet. "I denied the truth, but my cousin brought out these papers and proved that I had no right to the title of my father, or to his money. My brother died, and then, as I could do nothing, my cousin succeeded. I kept the papers by me, intending to destroy them. But one day, in talking to Arthur, I was foolish enough to let drop a hint of my failure to inherit and the existence of the papers. Arthur came here when I was absent and broke open yonder desk. He intended to show you the papers, so that the marriage might be stopped. I implored him not to, and he said that he would sell back the papers. He appointed a meeting-place at the top of Shore Lane at half-past eleven. Why in that place and at that hour I cannot say. I went there at the time appointed, and he did not appear, so I came home. So you can see that no one would benefit by stealing the papers. They were of no value to anyone save to me. I only wanted them because they betrayed a disgraceful secret to——"

Belinda rose and placed her arms round his neck. "You foolish, foolish boy," she said, and her eyes were filled with tears. "Did you think that a silly thing like that would make any difference to my love for you? You should have told Arthur to show me the papers. They would not have stopped our marriage."

"But I am a nameless person, Belinda," said the Doctor humbly.

"You are the man I love," she cried, kissing him.

"And my friend," said Lady Cobbin, grasping his hand. "Pooh, pooh! who ever heard of anyone bothering over such a thing. You are very lucky to be illegitimate, as it does away with any trouble by relatives. I must say, Doctor, that I am astonished at your fears regarding this family secret becoming known."

"But the disgrace——"

"There is no disgrace," interrupted Miss Gerson vehemently. "You need not trouble any more. I love you more than ever, you silly boy," and again she kissed him. "Oh, Wilfred, Wilfred, if you had only believed in my love you would have defied Arthur, and this crime would never have been committed."

Darton shook his head. "I don't know; but I am sure that Arthur was never murdered for the possession of these papers."

"Yes he was," burst out Lady Cobbin, who could no longer restrain her curiosity. "Arthur stole the papers because he thought that if Belinda knew that you were illegitimate she would not marry you. The man who murdered him believed the same, and when Arthur was about to sell the papers back to you he got them so as to bring about his own marriage."

"His own marriage!" Belinda stared. "Of whom are you talking?"

"Of the assassin—of the man who gave you the papers. Sir Samuel——"

"No, no! You are quite wrong. I received the papers from Robert Parley."

*Lady Cobbin stood by the table like a barrister about to address the court.*

### CHAPTER XXIII.

ARTHUR'S STORY.

A SILENCE ensued when Belinda pronounced the name of the old clerk. It was the name which Lady Cobbin half expected to hear, in spite of her suspicions regarding the baronet. Nevertheless she expressed her surprise, as she could not understand why Parley should have used Belinda as a messenger, unless——

"Parley must be the guilty person," she said, after a pause.

"No, no!" cried Belinda, "that is impossible."

"Did he tell you where he got the papers?"

"No; I never asked him. To tell you the truth," added Belinda, putting her hand to her head, "I was so confused and so anxious for the safety of Wilfred that it never occurred to me that the person who possessed the papers had murdered Arthur."

"Yet you heard what was said at the inquest?"

"Yes, but I fancied it was merely a theory; and, according to what Wilfred says, the papers were useless to everyone save himself."

"Well," said Lady Cobbin slowly, "we will grant that the boy was not murdered for the sake of the papers; but the assassin found them on him, and kept them beside him, so as to make use of them later."

"I can't believe that Robert Parley is guilty," said Belinda, frowning. "After all, what reason had he to kill Arthur?"

"A very good one," said Lady Cobbin grimly. "He hated Arthur because he treated Ellen so badly. The poor girl had a most unhappy life."

"But if Parley was in the office all the evening——"

"Ah, we don't know if he was. Mr. Mendle remained out for a considerable time. During his absence Parley might have been out also."

"Yes; but when Mr. Mendle came back he would have discovered Parley's absence" urged Dr. Darton with an air of fatigue.

"Mr. Mendle had every reason to hold his tongue," replied the inquiry-agent, quickly, "indeed, he said that he had bribed Parley with the promise of a small income to hold his tongue."

"That rather goes to prove Parley's innocence" argued the Doctor. "If he were guilty, Mendle could have made him hold his tongue by threatening to report his absence to the police."

"Humph!" Lady Cobbin fiddled with her eyeglass. "I really don't know how much of Mr. Mendle's story is true. Then again, I have seen young Mrs. Gerson and she told me that, besides the income from Mr. Mendle, her father expected to get a large sum of money. She would not tell me from whom, or in what way. But you, Miss Gerson, supply the answer. Parley referred to the five hundred which was to come from the sale of these papers to Dr. Darton. I have the money in the next room—in gold. I had it brought from the bank by a special messenger. But there is nothing to be done now, save to take back the money to the bank, and, —"

"And then Parley will denounce Wilfred," cried Belinda, terrified.

"Parley will have enough to do to look after himself," said Lady Cobbin, dryly. "During the progress of this strange case, I have suspected many people wrongfully; but now I really believe that we have learned the truth. Parley is the murderer."

"How can you prove that?"

"By the scarf. You remember Miss Gerson, how I asked you about the scarf? Arthur did not wear it on the night."

"But if he was strangled with it—"

"Precisely. He was strangled with it and by Parley. Mrs. Gerson told me that Arthur left it behind. Her father, when going to the office, to work overtime, put it on. She did not know what such an admission meant to her father. But I am sure that it will be sufficient to hang him."

"But if Arthur was murdered at eleven—" began Darton, argumentatively. Lady Cobbin interposed. "The medical evidence said that; but the murder may have taken place later. Let us leave a margin, and say between eleven and half past. Parley may have slipped out and have murdered the boy because he hated him for ill-treating Ellen, which he certainly did."

"Arthur was always half-mad" lamented Belinda. "Still, how could Parley have know that Arthur would be at Shore Lane?"

"Arthur may have told him, or Ellen, and have boasted at the sum of money he intended to get from Dr. Darton. In fact, if you remember what Ellen said at your house, Miss Gerson, you will recall that Arthur hinted about the papers being worth money. Oh, in one or two ways Parley may have learned Arthur's movements on that night. When Mr. Mendle escaped from the cab, leaving Sir Samuel and Arthur together, Parley probably arrived, and when Sir Samuel went, he may have strangled his son-in-law."

"No" said Darton, "in that case Parley could not have brought the cab to the office. He cannot drive a motor."

Lady Cobbin nodded. "I am with you there," she said. "The case is certainly most perplexing. Unless," she continued after a pause, "Parley murdered Arthur, and then Sir Samuel drove the cab to the office, while Parley walked. He would be able to slip into the outer room while Sir Samuel escaped towards Cheapside."

"All theory—all theory!" cried the Doctor rousing himself, and he began to untie the knot of the string. "The best thing to do is to see Parley and hear what he has to say. Meanwhile, I am safe and Belinda is willing to marry me. The rest matters little. Confound this knot!" he threw aside the packet, and rose. "Lady Cobbin, you can examine the papers while I speak with Belinda. We have not had a confidential talk for a long time."

Lady Cobbin nodded and took up the packet. "I'll go into the next room," she said, smiling, and moved towards the folding doors.

Belinda looked at her gratefully, as she had quite got over her dislike to the woman, and recognised that Lady Cobbin desired to be a true friend. The inquiry-agent closed the doors after her, and Dr. Darton found himself alone with the girl whom he loved. "At last!" he said, and framing Belinda's flushed face in his two hands, he kissed her. They were very happy for the next ten minutes. Seated side by side on the sofa, they held each other's hands and looked into each other's eyes, and forgot the hours of misery. The sky, which had been so overcast, was now clear, and the sunshine of love made the earth radiant with delight.

"Oh!" sighed Belinda, her cheek against that of her lover, "I never thought to be happy again."

"And you are happy, dearest?" he murmured fondly, gathering her in his arms against the heart which had so ached for this blissful moment.

"With you—I am always happy with you, darling. Oh, Wilfred, what a miserable time we have had!"

"All the more reason that we should enjoy the present. After all, my own, if we had not endured trouble we should not understand one another so well. I know now that you are a good, true woman, who will believe nothing against me and who will marry me in spite of the blot on my escutcheon."

"As if that mattered," said Belinda, clinging to him. "And now we can go away round the world. I have plenty of money."

"People will say that I marry you for that," said Wilfred bitterly.

"Dear, what does it matter. Our true wealth lies in love, and we have that for ever more. Living here all alone, you have grown wretched, and this trouble has made you morbid. Let us marry as soon as possible, and then take a tour round the world. We can return in three or four years and settle somewhere down the country. You need not practise unless you wish to."

"My dear," said Darton firmly, "I am not the man to live upon my wife. But London has grown objectionable to me, as I have had such a miserable time in it. We shall travel, as you suggest, and then go to live in the country. But I'll buy a practice somewhere in the wilds of Yorkshire, where we can live alone—you and I in the desert with a

bottle of wine and a loaf of bread like old Omar."

"Oh!" Belinda sighed with delight at the picture. "Let us put the past behind us as soon as possible. When we are married we will never talk of our misery."

"We shall marry in three months."

"Why so late?" she asked quickly.

"Your brother's death——"

"Wilfred, I owe nothing to Arthur. He made my life miserable and treated you vilely. I do not see why we should consider him."

"Dear." He touched her cheek lightly in a caressing way. "Although poor Arthur sinned, he has paid for his sin. Who are we to blame him? Let us forgive as well as forget. Moreover, it will be as well to learn who murdered him before we marry, so that everything may end before we begin our new life."

"Wilfred!" She kissed him. "I believe that you are the best man in the world."

"Poor world, if I am the standard of goodness," said Wilfred with a laugh. "You think too well of me, my own."

"No! no! no!" She kissed him at each word. "Who but a good man like you would forgive Arthur, seeing how he threatened you, and brought this misery upon us?"

"We have our own faults," said Darton quietly. "Don't think me a prig, my dearest, but——"

He got no further. A discreet knocking came to the folding-doors, and immediately Lady Cobbin's voice, much excited, was heard. Wilfred hastened to open the doors, and she entered the consulting-room, with a sheaf of loose sheets in her hands.

"These are not the papers which deal with your business," she said, "although they were in the packet also. I have left those on the table in the waiting-room."

"Then I must get them," said Dr. Darton hurriedly, and slipped through the doors, while Belinda stared at Lady Cobbin's excitement.

"What are these other papers?" she asked hurriedly.

"They are written by your brother."

"By Arthur?"

"Yes. And they contain his reason for taking the cab, and for appointing the meeting at the top of Shore Lane. My dear"—she addressed Belinda seriously—"your brother was quite mad—quite. These," she tapped the loose papers, "contain a description of how he intended to murder Lewis Mendle."

"But why should he write that out?" asked Darton, who had returned with his own especial papers in his breast-coat pocket. "A man would not be such a fool as to incriminate himself!"

"He expected to be drowned."

"Oh!" cried Belinda, suddenly enlightened. "The waterproof envelope!"

"Exactly," said Lady Cobbin, seating herself. "But you can only understand, when I read the papers."

"Tell me shortly what they contain," cried Belinda, restlessly. "Arthur's writing is so difficult to read that you will take hours."

"I have only taken a few minutes," said Lady Cobbin with a smile. "However, I'll tell you as briefly as I can. Listen."

Wilfred sat down again on the sofa and Belinda nestled beside him, while Lady Cobbin, standing by the table like a barrister about to address the court—she had risen to emphasise her speech—took up the papers. Refreshing her memory with these, she detailed the extraordinary mad scheme by which young Gerson had hoped to revenge himself on Lewis Mendle, whom he hated.

"Your brother," said Lady Cobbin, looking particularly at Belinda, "had such a hatred for Mr. Mendle that he was willing to sacrifice his own life in order to kill him."

"That does not sound like Arthur," said Belinda; "he was always a coward. He tried to kill Lewis twice, but never himself."

"My dear, the boy was neurotic, and when a man's nerves get the upper hand, he goes, what the Norsemen call, berserk. To injure Mr. Mendle your brother overcame his fear of death so far as to risk it. He certainly hoped to save himself, but wrote out his confession, that it might be found, were he drowned along with his victim."

"The waterproof envelope," said Belinda again.

"Yes. He placed the papers dealing with Dr. Darton's secret, and also this confession, in a waterproof envelope, so that they might remain uninjured when in the Thames, and——"

"In the Thames," cried Darton suddenly, "then the appointment at the top of Shore Lane——"

"Was to give him the chance of drowning Mr. Mendle. But I had better explain more regularly. Listen," said Lady Cobbin again.

After a time she proceeded. "Arthur says that he tried to kill Mr. Mendle twice before, as he wanted the money for himself and you, Miss Gerson——"

"So that he might extort it from me," said Belinda bitterly.

"Very probably. However, Arthur found that the will of his father was too good in law for him to upset, and so nothing remained but to get rid of Mr. Mendle. Having failed twice, he took a very drastic way of dealing with our friend. He knew that Embers drove every night to the City to bring Mr. Mendle home. Arthur stole the cab, so that he might drive to the City, and when Mr. Mendle entered, he intended to drive him down Shore Lane into the water. Being inside the cab, Mr. Mendle would naturally be drowned, but Arthur hoped to save himself. However, such was his hatred of Mr. Mendle that he ran the risk of being drowned himself. Knowing that he might die also, he wrote out this statement, as I said, and placed it in a waterproof envelope, so that it might not be injured."

"But why should he take all that trouble?"

Lady Cobbin shrugged her shoulders. "Could I explain that, I should be able to lecture on criminology. You, Dr. Darton, should know better than I what impels criminals to betray themselves. Look how many have written out confessions which have hanged them; remember, also, how many have returned to the place where their crime was committed. A detective story-teller would certainly provide a more reasonable criminal, since readers would find it hard to believe that a man would behave apparently so aimlessly. But this is real life, and Arthur Gerson, cowardly and foolish, was willing to risk death himself to get rid of his enemy. More, he was willing that his infamy should be revealed to the world by this confession."

"It is beyond me," said Dr. Darton, sighing.

"And beyond all sane people," said Lady Cobbin. "But this poor boy was certainly not responsible for his actions. He was mad."

"There was method in his madness," said Wilfred, pausing. "But this does not explain the reason why Shore Lane was chosen."

"It leads down to a wharf over which Arthur hoped to drive the cab with Mr. Mendle within."

"Yes, I can see that; but why should it have stopped at Shore Lane before going to the office?"

"There was no need for it to go to the office," said Lady Cobbin quickly. "Remember that Mr. Mendle was inside the cab."

"But he escaped by the off-side."

"Exactly!" Lady Cobbin reflected. "It is difficult to piece things together," she said, after a pause, "as no sane person can follow the workings of a madman's mind. But, so far as I can see, it is in this way that Arthur acted." She paused again, wrinkling her brow.

"Go on," urged Belinda, who was very pale and ill at ease.

"Well, Arthur decoyed Sir Samuel to the Green Man in Edgware Road and stole the cab, intending to drive to the City office and trap his victim. Mr. Mendle, not thinking that Arthur was driving, would undoubtedly have entered the cab and so have been driven to his death. Probably Arthur intended to arrive at Cade Lane at midnight—the usual time for Embers to call—and therefore made the appointment at Shore Lane to meet you, Doctor, so that he might return the papers and get the money at half-past eleven. This would just give him time, after a short conversation with you, to get to Cade Lane."

"But why select such a meeting-place?" asked Darton, perplexed.

"Well," said Lady Cobbin again, "Arthur might have desired to see if the lane was clear for his deed, since there were policemen about. A meeting with you, Doctor, would supply him with a motive to stop the cab at such a point, and any passing policeman would think nothing of seeing two gentlemen talking together."

"At that hour and in such an awkward place!" ejaculated Darton. "I rather think a policeman would have stopped to ask questions."

"In that case Arthur would have excused himself by explaining that he was meeting you on business. Of course this is all theory," explained Lady Cobbin apologetically. "I expect that the precise truth will never be known, seeing that Arthur is dead."

"Well, go on," said Belinda, who began to be weary.

Lady Cobbin glanced again at the papers. "As Arthur had run away with the cab from the Edgware Road too early for the appointment, he went to the Piccadilly Theatre to fill up time."

"Why not to meet Harriet or me?" asked Belinda.

"Certainly, knowing that you would be out early, he might have come for that purpose. But, at all events, we know that Mendle was hanging about the theatre, out of jealousy, and entered the cab. Arthur could have driven him off safely to Shore Lane, and, after a chat with you, Doctor, could have rushed down the incline into the river. What upset his plans was the appearance of Harriet. Apparently she recognised him, in spite of her denial; so, to prevent her making any remark, he drove her to the City with Mendle. He stopped, earlier than he intended, at the top of Shore Lane—which was on the way to the office—in order to get rid of her, and so pretended a breakdown. She went away, leaving Mr. Mendle inside the cab, and then Arthur intended, after he had risen from examining the pretended breakdown, to get into the cab and drive down the lane."

"Without waiting for me?" asked Darton.

"Yes. Having Mendle in his power, he could not lose time. Then, again, Arthur was stopped by Sir Samuel. To him, knowing that Mendle was within, he talked about the papers belonging to you, Doctor, hoping to detain Mendle by rousing his curiosity."

*(To be continued.)*

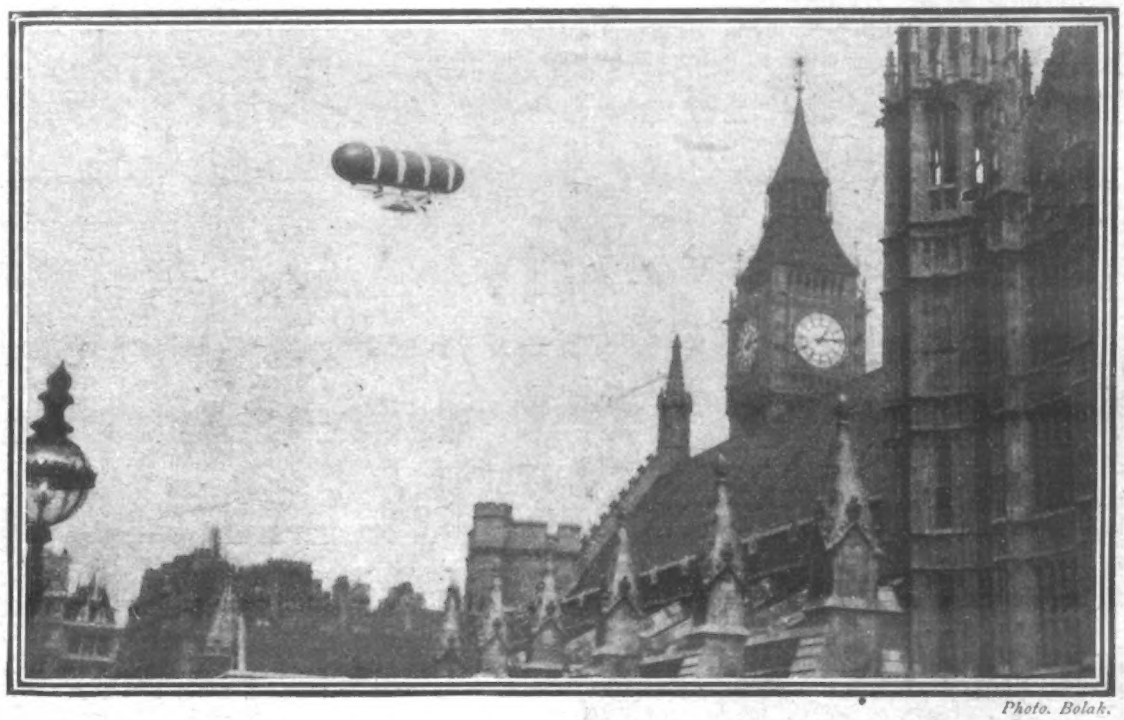
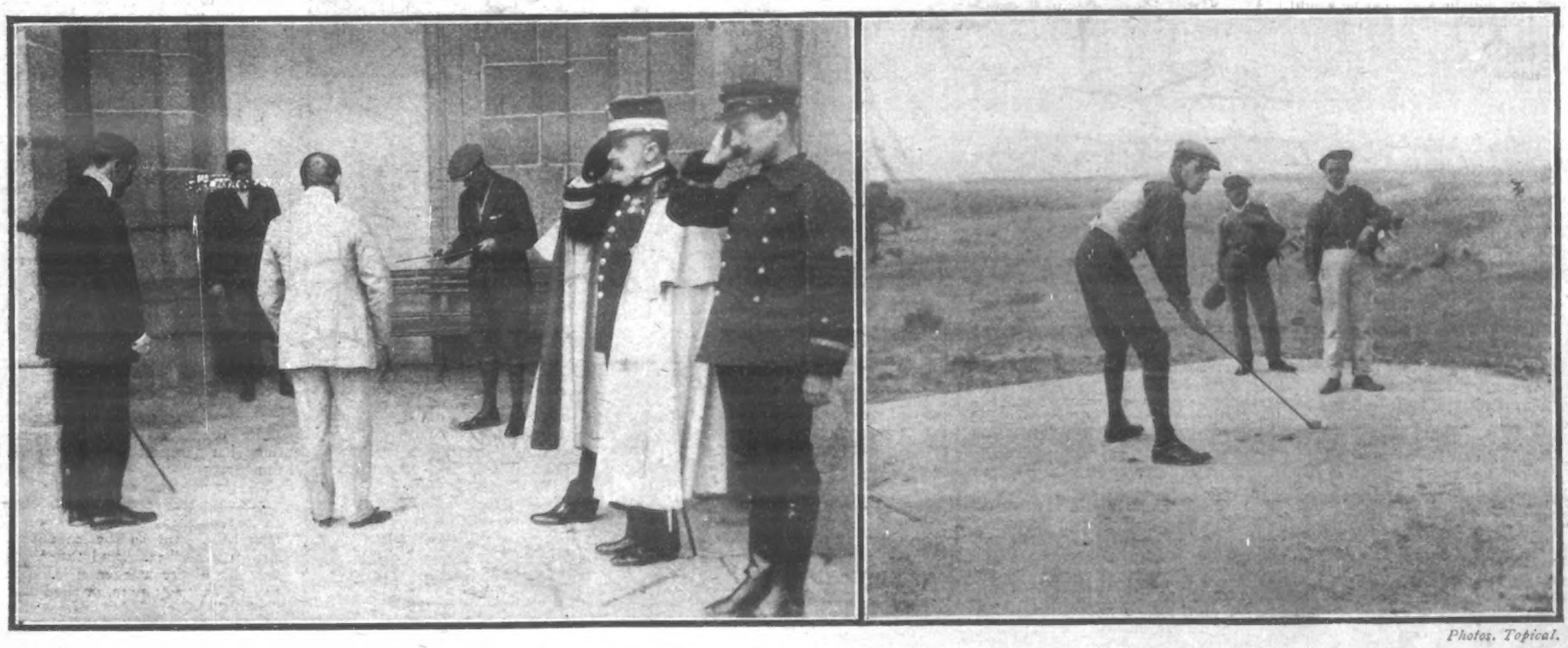


*Photo. Bolak.*

THE "NULLI SECUNDUS FLYING OVER THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

**The British Military Airship made a most successful voyage from Aldershot to London last Saturday. One of the chief features about this great vessel of the air is that it can be raised or lowered at will, without the expenditure of ballast or gas. Thousands of people watched the progress of the "Nulli Secundus" as it passed over the various towns en route, and in London, offices and shops were deserted by crowds eager to s e Britain's triumph of the air.**



*Photos. Topical.*

SPAIN'S YOUNG KING AS A SPORTSMAN.

**Our first picture shows King Alfonso taking his first lesson in diabolo while members of his suite stand at the salute. What would they do should he let the spindle drop? The young King is also an ardent golfer, and goes about the game in a workmanlike manner, as may be seen from our second photograph.**

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

CHILLY evenings have now set in, and, with colder days in prospect, every woman feels the necessity for warmer clothing. The woman of limited dress allowance invariably finds that winter taxes her resources to the utmost, for useful garments suitable to the season are usually more costly than summer raiment. To all those, however, who are pondering the question of ways and means, the various models of John Noble, Limited, Manchester, must appeal very forcibly; in particular, a smart tweed coat, price 8s. 9d., cannot fail to give pleasure and satisfaction—the cut is so graceful and every detail so well finished. Although so cheap it will bear inspection right through. It is made with every stylish improvement, double-breasted fronts, full-swing back, and tailor-stitched collar and pockets, and is carried out in good wearing grey tweeds or plain black cloth. What comfort there is in a warm three-quarter coat such as this during the winter months, only the woman who has hitherto been debarred by price from such a possession can fully appreciate.

**Where to Shop Cheaply and Well.**

Another striking example of value is offered in the "Gibson" coat, made with a pouched blouse front, small revers, and three-quarter sleeves. This coat fits tightly in to the waist, and, while being full in the skirt, is plain-fitting on the hips. The price is only 12s. 11d., made in plain navy blue or black or in any light tweed. Another popular style may be obtained for 16s. 9d. This is the new long coat with a full swing back, and a strap across to neatly define the figure at the waist. It looks smart in plain navy cloth or in one of the new light-grey tweeds. Every seam is wrapped, the fronts are double-breasted, and the patch-pockets provide the finishing touch. Every reader should write for an illustrated price list, giving pictures and details of these and many other attractive bargains.

**The "Gibson" Coat.**

A fur coat is the envy of many a woman. Smart caracul coats from 18s. 9d., and rich seal plush coats from 21s. 9d. are supplied by the same firm in a variety of styles to suit every figure. Walking skirts in useful and uncommon designs are being offered at good value, to the most meagre purse, while an even more tempting choice is offered to those with more money to spend. The woman who knows what it is to be a mother very often has to decide whether to make her purchases for herself or her little ones. In such case one may be very sure it is not the children who go short.

**At John Noble, Ltd.**

The mother who studies John Noble's catalogue, however, should find it possible to include her own outfit when she goes shopping, for all children's garments are marked at such reasonable prices. For instance, a pretty cashmere frock, with long sleeves lined through costs only 2s. 11d., and is twenty-one inches long. Then there are little walking coats in cloth or velvet for boy or girl at prices such as 4s. 6d. and 8s. 11d. Curl bear-skin pelisses and coats at somewhat similar prices, and children's bonnets in silk or velvet from 1s. 9½d.

**For Mother and Child.**

PRIZE BABY NYMPHS. *Photo. Shepstone.*

**The six children in the above photograph were voted as the prettiest children that have visited Tent City this season. Tent City is a popular seaside resort on Coronado, Peninsula, Lower California. Portraits of children were taken on arrival at the city, and then visitors voted which they considered the prettiest, and the six baby nymphs seen above carried off the highest votes.**

Dresses carried out in thin fabrics such as have been in wear for the last few months may, if dark in colour, easily be renovated for autumn wear. Crepoline, voile, eolienne, ninon, toile-de-soie, and even nun's veiling, have all a tendency to speedily become soiled at the hem, more especially if not very elaborately flounced at the foot. In the case of a plain skirt in any of the above materials, a bias band of velvet about four inches wide may be laid over the hem, and will completely hide the soiled part; or it may be made deeper if necessary. Where there are frills or flounces, it goes without saying that these must first be detached before the velvet is laid on.

**To Adopt Summer Skirts for Autumn.**

The change of the seasons is always a treacherous time of year, and coughs and colds are apt to be rife unless due precautions are taken. For a cold, boiled onions served hot with plenty of butter and salt and pepper, are excellent taken the last thing at night instead of gruel, which is not so easy to prepare. The patient, however, must wrap up well afterwards and guard against a chill, as onions open the pores of the skin.

**Take Onions for a Cold.**

Tomatoes fried make a nice breakfast dish, and combined with rashers of bacon ring an agreeable change on the usual accompaniment of eggs. Select firm but ripe ones, scald, skin, and cut into three, roll the slices in flour, season with salt, pepper, and sugar, and fry until brown on both sides. Dripping might be used for frying, unless they are cooked in bacon-fat. The fat must be hot when the slices are put in, then the pan should be moved where they will cook only moderately fast, so that they will not brown before being thoroughly cooked.

**A Breakfast Dish.**

# The Childrens Corner

## Little Wooden Doll.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

SHE was a tiny little wooden Miss, with a pair of sad, heavy-looking eyes, and the gleam had been rubbed from her lips by constant rough usage. Somehow, she always seemed to be in the way. If anyone came into the shop and asked for a sixpenny drawing-slate or box of bricks, it generally happened that the little wooden doll had to be tossed aside while the old lady who kept the shop rummaged for the article in question.

This wooden doll was such a sad little body—nobody ever seemed to want her; for though sometimes as many as twenty people entered the little low-roofed shop in one day, they never asked to see the little wooden doll, and her small heart simply ached for someone to love and care for her.

It seemed weeks and weeks to her since that unfortunate day when the little old lady had gone to dress the window and found her tumbling very ungracefully over a box of tin soldiers.

"Oh!" she had cried, her short grey curls bobbing with annoyance, "what a fright that doll looks! She will never sell now, I feel sure, so I may as well put her on the shelf with the peg-tops and drawing-slates." So from that moment the poor wooden doll had never known one moment's happiness; for it was oh! so dusty and dark and gloomy in that miserable, pokey little corner, and it had been so bright and happy in the window; for, although she was only a wooden doll, she had often heard little girls say to each other—

"Oh, I should like that wooden doll over there. See, her arms and legs move backwards and forwards, and it would be so easy to dress her." But now she was to be tossed and pulled about just as if she had no feeling at all, and her sad little wooden heart was filled with a lonely dreariness.

Every time anyone came up to the little low counter her heart would throb with hope. Perhaps someone wanted her at last; perhaps she was going to be taken out of the nasty lonely dark corner and have someone to love her and dress her in pretty frocks and hats like the dolls in the window. But, alas, she hoped in vain, for the people came and went with never so much as a thought for the lonely little heroine over on the shelf in the corner. Then lots of fresh dollies came in every week; but they were not a bit like her. Their cheeks were pink and dimpled, their lips were fresh and rosy, and their eyes were blue and smiling, while she was dusty and faded and—and—old!

One bright day when the sun shone through the small square window, and frolicked up and down the narrow little walls, the old lady with the grey curls trotted backwards and forwards very briskly, for a fresh supply of toys had come in that day, and they all needed arranging nicely before the afternoon, when everything had to be in order.

"Oh," thought the wooden doll, as the bright little flashes of sunlight danced fitfully over her head. "If I were in the window now, I'd see all the fresh new dolls that have just come in, and perhaps they'd talk to me and tell me all about where they have come from. Oh, I can just see one of them, with a pink silk dress and white lace socks"—and she turned her head away sorrowfully, for they were, oh! such lovely, gay little dollies, with the happiest smiles and brightest eyes imaginable.

"No one will ever want me, no one will ever care for me," she said, while a wooden tear rolled pathetically over her short, flat little nose.

Just then a lady entered the shop, accompanied by a small, yellow-haired maiden, who was looking around the shop eagerly.

"Now, Betty dear, which is the doll you want?" asked the lady, smiling down into the rosy little face upturned to hers.

"Would the little girl like to see some dolls? I've got a very nice selection, Madam, and some of them only arrived yesterday," said the old lady behind the counter, and, without waiting for a reply, she trotted off into a little room at the back of the shop and returned with a number of cardboard boxes, which she carefully unpacked, and in which reposed some very pretty, fashionable-looking dollies. Such pretty frocks and dainty hats, and even wee shoes and socks!

"Oh, those are very pretty, Betty dear. Would you like the one in blue, or the other dressed in white muslin?" asked the lady, looking down at her small daughter; but, to her astonishment, the little person expressed no delight at any of the gaily dressed dolls before her.

"They—they are not quite what I want," she said slowly. "I saw such a dear little wooden doll in the window a little while back, and—and I think I'd like her best," she said, looking up shyly at the old lady behind the counter, who was peeping at her from over the tops of her spectacles with a look of astonishment.

"But, my dear little girl, don't you think one of these dollies would be nicer?" said her mother.

"No," said the little girl, "I'd much rather have the wooden doll, mother, she has such a sweet, sad little face."

"But perhaps the lady has sold it," said her mother, looking around the shop in search of the wooden doll.

**The little wooden doll felt a soft cheek pressed against hers.**

"Oh! oh! She hasn't sold it!" said the little wooden doll in her lonely corner by the window. "Oh, how I wish I could scream out," she thought, her heart fairly bumping up and down with joy and hope and expectation. Someone actually wanted her at last—someone would love and care for her, even though she was old and faded and dusty, and she really got so excited that she slipped down in between two scrap-books and was nearly suffocated.

"Oh," she thought, "when the little girl sees me with my dirty face and flat nose she will push me away with disgust"; and there she lay silently, with a quickly beating heart, while the cover of one of the scrap-books was nearly scraping the top off her nose.

"A wooden doll?" asked the old lady, her grey curls bobbing backwards and forwards. "I did have one a long time ago, but I believe it's gone now," she said, trotting over to the corner where the tops and slates and tin soldiers were all muddled together.

"Oh, I can see it—I can see it!" cried the little girl. "Just there, near the scrap-books," she cried, with a smile of delight dancing in her eyes.

And the next moment came the most exquisitely happy moment in the wooden doll's life, for she was grasped eagerly by a pair of small pink hands—oh, such soft tender little hands they were, and then she felt a smooth, cool cheek pressed against hers, and in that moment her wooden heart nearly burst with joy. Oh, someone really wanted her—someone loved her at last.

"Let the lady wrap it up," said her mother, and then they both walked out of the shop, the little golden-haired girl hugging a small brown-paper parcel closely to her.

"That pink dress will just fit her, mother, and won't she look sweet in that lace hat with all the frills? Oh, I am so glad I've got her!" And the little, rosy-cheeked maiden gave a joyous skip of delight as she smiled up into her mother's face. And thus began the new life of the wooden doll. She was never lonely any more, or tired or dusty, for small, gentle little hands were always carressing her and arranging dainty little hats and bonnets for her, and when any of her little friends came to tea, they were always first introduced to "The Little Wooden Doll."

# 'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

OCT. 12 TO 18.—"I don't think I shall do any more to my garden now; I'll give it a good digging-up in the spring." The above remark was made to me this week by a budding amateur, and I had to point out to him that he was making a great mistake. This is the very time for sound, deep digging; every farmer has his ploughmen busy now turning up deep, straight furrows. The importance of breaking up the soil this month cannot, in fact, be overrated. Ground that is so dug will sweeten during the winter months; frost and snow will do their work; the soil will, in fact, be well "aerated," and instead of being sour when springtime comes it will be fresh. Strictly speaking, frost benefits the ground far more than people imagine, and autumn digging must on no account be undervalued. It is certainly my most important task for this coming week, and I throw up the earth in big solid clods, leaving it to "weather" and break up naturally. I am putting in a new privet hedge this week to divide off a part of my garden, and no better time could be selected for planting the majority of evergreen shrubs. I am also bedding-out in the place they are to occupy some wallflower-plants, and, of course, the bulb beds are taking up a deal of time just now. Bulbs for blooming inside the house I am also potting-up this week.

**My Garden Plans.**

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Plenty of house-moving appears to be going on now, if the pantechnicon-vans one meets on the road are any criterion; and the man with the new garden, whatever its state may be, will find a good deal to occupy his time. First of all, he will naturally destroy all the annuals that have bloomed, and weeds; and it is not too late to give long lawn-grass its final clipping for the season. Then, possibly, his thoughts will turn to paths which should be put in order, and, if necessary, re-made with clinkers, brick ballast, or gravel. Probably the evergreens will want clipping, and there could be no better time for moving all or some of them, if such a course be deemed advisable. It will be difficult to find if there are bulbs in the ground, and, if so, what sort they are; but they should be carefully sought for and re-planted to suit the newcomer's taste. Herbaceous plants—hollyhocks, lupins, delphiniums, and so on—may also be moved to fresh places now, and clumps of lilies be broken up and re-planted. Fruit-trees may be thinned and pruned, and gooseberry and currant-bushes that have run wild ought to be carefully cut, so that the bush is a good shape, and so that all the wood possible may get light and air. Ivies, jessamine, climbers of all sorts may be trimmed and re-arranged. If the lawn is not level the present is an excellent time to give it attention, and sand, basic slag, and road-sweepings may be scattered over it and rolled in. Rose-trees may also be moved now, but the pruning had better be left till the spring, unless it is the cutting-away of rank growth on overgrown climbers. Certainly the man with the new garden should work his hardest to get it in order before the coming of winter. The work he does now—leaving appearances out of the question—will amply repay him in the spring.

**Moving-in at Michaelmas.**

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True, ready-made trellis may be purchased in short lengths for quite a small sum, but if you have the time on hand it is far cheaper and more satisfactory to make trellis yourself. I have just been making a screen to hide a tool-shed, and my first plan was to firmly make and fix a framework of strong battens. Two of these posts or battens I drove securely into the ground, and the other two were arranged crossways, being let in flush with the upright pair. Having fixed the framework, I purchased from a local lathrender, for quite a small sum, a bundle of laths, and my next step was to nail a lath across the frame at the required angle, from one post to the other. I now provided myself with a piece of wood some two feet in length, and the same width as the distance I required between each lath. This was my gauge to ensure even spacing. Proceeding, I placed my gauge evenly against the lath already nailed in position, and adjusted the second lath against the gauge, nailing the lath where it lay on the posts. In this way I covered the framework with laths in one direction, and then, reversing the angle, and still using my gauge, I nailed on the second layer of laths above the first. Having completed this nailing (and not before) I sawed off the projecting ends of the laths, and, when painted, my task was finished. I did not find it necessary to use nails at the points where the laths crossed one another. The same course would be followed in building a longer piece of trellis consisting of more than one panel. The trellis should be made flat on the ground and erected in position afterwards.

**To Make Trellis.**

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.


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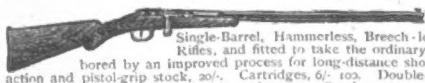

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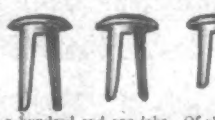

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